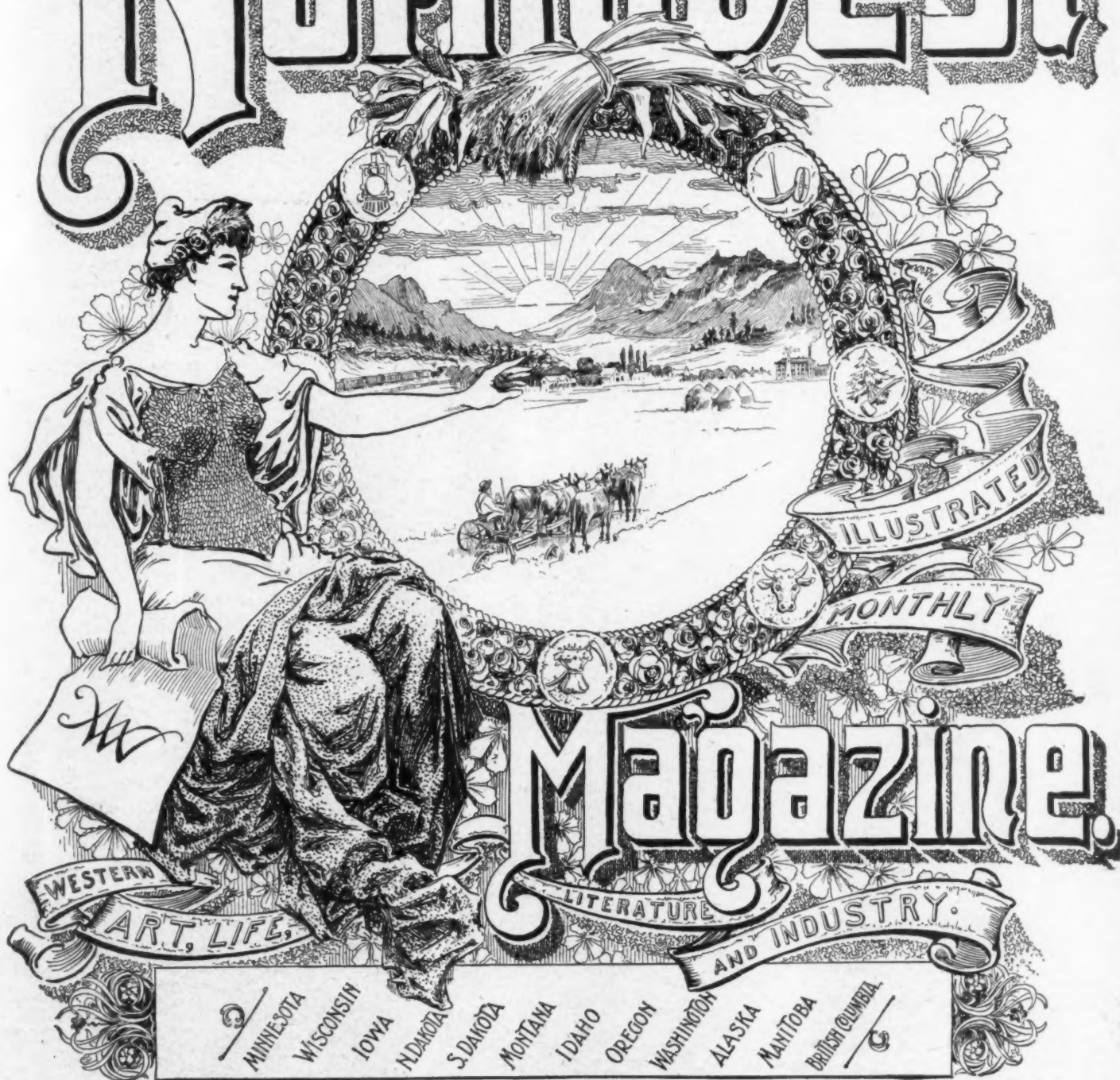


The Northwest

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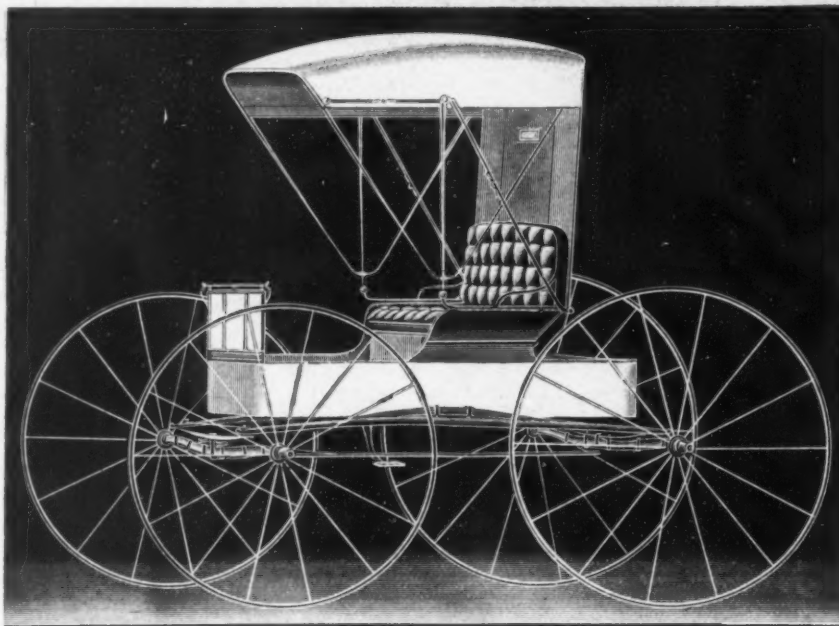
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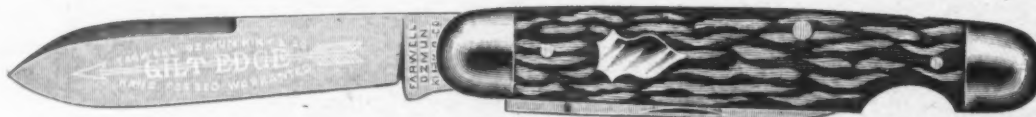
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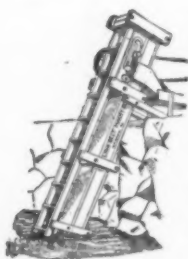
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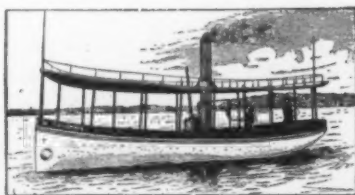


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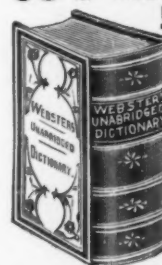


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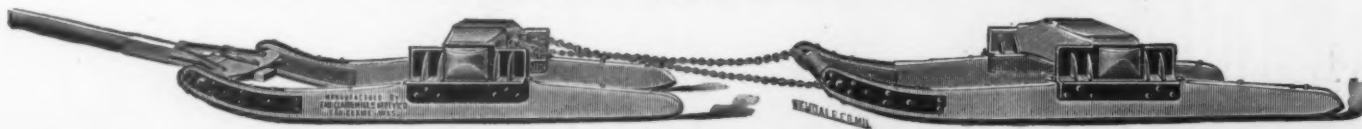
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THE NORTHWEST

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THE SOUTH DAKOTA INDIANS AND THEIR SCHOOLS.

South Dakota has more reservation land and a larger number of Indians and Indian schools than any other State in the Union. The United States census shows about 25,000 Indians within the borders of South Dakota.

All these Indians are of the Sioux or Dakota tribe. The word Sioux is not of Indian derivation, the proper Indian word being "Da-kota" or "La-ko-ta," according as the band belongs to the lowland or to the highland Sioux. These Indians hold vast bodies of land as reservations, the Pine Ridge and Rosebud reservations alone occupying a tract of country 200 miles in length by about sixty miles in width, and containing seven large counties. About as much more of the South Dakota territory is included in the Sisseton, Yankton, Crow Creek, Cheyenne River and Standing Rock reservations.

Within the last few years the surplus lands of the Sisseton and Yankton reservations have been thrown open to purchase and settlement by the whites, but the other reservations are still intact for the exclusive use of the Indians. The Sisseton Sioux are no longer reservation Indians proper, having taken this land in severalty. They are in part self-supporting, but on all other reservations they draw rations regularly from the Government. This is in accordance with the terms of an old treaty, by which the United States obligated itself to furnish the Indians with food, clothing, farming implements, etc., until such time as they should become capable of self-support. Just how much time will be required for this period of tutelage is uncertain; but it is clear-

ly unreasonable to expect any race to pass from lower barbarism to civilization in one generation. It is probable that no people ever made so rapid progress in the arts of civilization as the Indians are now making; yet there seems to be a large class of unthinking persons who are disposed to complain, because the Indian does not accomplish a work of self-development, in a single generation, equal to that which occupied the time and energies of the Aryan race for several thousand years. Another point lost sight of is the fact that no nation ever passed directly from the hunting or nomadic life to the agricultural; such people must first pass the transitional—the pastoral or stock-raising state. Especially will this prove true regarding the plains Indians, occupying, as they do, the semi-arid belt, a region better adapted to stock-raising than to anything else. The fact that our Government has at this late day realized the above, offers some ray of hope for poor Lo.

The first body of Indians to take homesteads was the Flandreau band of Indians, in 1869. They were a small band, numbering less than a hundred families, who split off from the Santee Indians. Their object was to secure per-

manent homes and a secure title to lands individually. Up to this time all Indians held only a tribal title to their lands; consequently there was no encouragement to improve any land, as it belonged to the tribe and might be sold from under the occupant any day the tribe so desired. The Flandreau Indians, at the start, received no encouragement from the Government; but finally their efforts were so successful that in a few years they attracted the attention of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and out of the venture of this little band grew the "Lands in Severalty" Act of Congress, under which all the Indians in the United States are now taking their allotments of land.

Everything possible is being done by the Government to promote the work of civilization among the Indians. To one who has lived near a reservation for several years, the result is plainly apparent. It is now exceedingly rare to see an Indian dressed in native costume. Except a very few old Indians, all will be found dressed decently in civilized garb. It is not many years since it was quite common to meet Indian families on the march, with every member mounted on horseback, and the camp equipage carried on poles which were trailed

from the backs of ponies or dogs. Nothing of the kind is seen now. Every Indian family has teams, harness and wagons, and travels in as good style as the white neighbors. In addition to this, all have frame or log houses, and many of them gardens, cultivated fields, and small herds of cattle and horses. The women, especially the younger generations, dress neatly. The writer, while at Pierre, saw an Indian woman buying white silk, embroidered chifon and other rich materials, evidently for her wedding trousseau, and she knew the quality of the goods as well as any white woman.

It is with the Indian children, however, that the Government makes its greatest efforts toward education and civilization. About twenty years ago the first Government boarding-



A GROUP OF INDIAN MAIDENS, WITH THEIR TEACHER, AT THE GOVERNMENT TRAINING SCHOOL IN PIERRE, S. D.

school was established among the Sioux. As early as 1863, a school was established at Crow Creek Agency for the Indians of South Dakota. It was a mission day-school, however, not Governmental. It was in charge of Rev. John P. Williamson and supported by the American Board of Missions. It was attended by about 150 long-haired boys and girls clothed with blankets. The Indians there at that time were the Santees, who had been brought from Minnesota after the Massacre of 1862.

Before 1870, mission day-schools had been established at the Sisseton and Yankton agencies. The first Indian boarding-school in Dakota was the Episcopal boarding-school built by Bishop Hare at Yankton Agency. Not many years afterward the first Government boarding-school in Dakota was built at Sisseton Agency by Agent Moses N. Adams. For a number of years the work of the schools was slow, owing to the determined opposition of the Indians. It was with the greatest difficulty that the schools could be filled, the Indian parents being determined not to part with their children and thus give them up to the care of white people. However, at the present time no large body of Indians is better

dren a start toward an education. The next above the day-school is the reservation boarding-school, which is usually established at an Agency. Here the pupils are kept from September to July, with perhaps a week's vacation during the holidays. Much greater progress is possible in this school than in the day-school, but both labor under the disadvantage of being too much under Indian influence. They are surrounded by Indians on every side, and the pupil has but little opportunity to become acquainted with other than reservation life. These schools accept no pupils from other reservations, and, being all of one tribe, it is almost impossible to prevent the use of the tribal language, thus making it exceedingly difficult to teach English successfully.

The last and highest class of Government Indian schools is the non-reservation boarding-school. These are located in some center of civilization entirely removed from Indian influence, with the idea of giving the pupil an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the customs and manners of the best class of white people. Here, too, pupils from different tribes are received; and, being unable to understand one another in the various Indian tongues

The school at Pierre is well equipped for work—not only in schoolroom facilities but with all appliances for teaching the various trades and vocations necessary to make the pupils self-supporting citizens. A sewing-school is conducted, where the girls are given thorough instruction in cutting, making, mending and repairing their own clothes. A tailor-shop teaches the boys to cut and make all articles of men's wearing apparel. All the clothing of the children, except the best suits, is made by them under proper instructors, who, by the way, are usually full-blooded or half-breed Indians who have shown a marked capacity for instruction. In fact, Mr. Davis makes it a special point to encourage whatever latent energy or talent he may discover among the children committed to his care—giving encouragement to them all, and as fast as possible filling the positions of instructors with the brightest of his pupils as they advance in education and ability. Wood-work, shoe-making, shoe-mending and general repairing receive attention, and all the domestic work needful in so large a school is done by the pupils.

In the kitchen and in the laundry and sleeping apartments, each pupil has his or her share



A VIEW OF PUPILS AND BUILDINGS AT THE GOVERNMENT INDIAN SCHOOL AT PIERRE, S. D.

supplied with schools than the Dakota Indians.

During the last six or seven years many new schools have been built, and the capacity of the other schools have been increased greatly, but much of the old Indian dislike to them still remains; and, except for the constant efforts of the Government officials, but few full-blooded Indian children would be enrolled as pupils. The mixed bloods do not show this prejudice, and but little effort is required to induce them to educate their children.

Several kinds of schools are maintained for the Indians by the Government. In certain localities are found the day-schools, or the camp-school, where the Government has erected a school building in some well-settled district among the Indians and employed a teacher and assistant—usually a white man and his wife—to conduct it. The Indian children attend this school several hours each day, going back to their homes at night. This school corresponds to the district schools among white people. To a certain extent it is useful, since, placed directly among the Indians, it helps to overcome their prejudice against schools generally, and gives the Indian chil-

spoken, they are obliged to unite on English, and soon acquire a fluent use of that language with but little attention on the part of the instructors.

The Pierre Training School, built in 1889, has a capacity for 150 pupils, a capacity which is always taxed. This school is under the efficient management of Crosby G. Davis, who has been superintendent of the school from the start. The first pupils were received in February, 1891. At present the tribes enrolled are the Sioux, Chippewa—from Wisconsin, and the Oneida's from New York. The time of pupils is divided equally between schoolroom work and the various trades and industries. Pupils enroll, with the consent of their parents, for a term of three to five years, after which they are allowed to go home if they wish to. They are received between the ages of six and eighteen. No pupils are kept after reaching the age of twenty-one. This school is at present unable to accommodate all that apply for admission; but by this fall two new training schools, one at Chamberlain, the other at Rapid City, will be thrown open to instruct Indian children in the ways of civilization.

of work, thus instilling those habits of neatness and order which boarding-schools for white children sadly neglect. About half the time is given to instruction in the various trades and industries, the remaining time being devoted to regular schoolroom work.

As regards the new school at Rapid City, now under construction, it has many and peculiar advantages and, if properly managed, will become the leading Indian Training School of the Northwest. It is located in the famous Black Hills of South Dakota, a country dear to the hearts of the Indians; the ancient home of the mountain Crows, and, subsequently by conquest, the home and hunting-ground of the Highland Sioux and their allies, the Cheyennes and Arapahoes. It is attractive as a school site for the above reasons, and for the further reason that it has the same altitude and climatic conditions which characterize their present reservation homes. The Indians appreciate the fact that their children will be more healthfully located here than in the low regions of other sections of the country, especially the Eastern school at Carlisle or the one in Kansas. It will eventually be the school

home of hundreds of Indian children from the Crows and Northern Cheyennes of Montana, the Arapahoes and Shoshones of Wyoming, and the Highland Sioux of the Dakotas. It is safe to say that these three schools in South Dakota—at Pierre, Chamberlain and Rapid City—will in time be to the Northwest what the Carlisle School in Pennsylvania and the school at Haskell, Kansas, are at present to the Indians generally.

While the schools thus briefly described are performing astonishing results in educating the minds of the children, great difficulties are encountered. After the pupils are through with school, the majority go back to their respective tribes with every intention of resuming their original state of savagery. The question is often asked, "What become of these pupils when they go home? Do they use what they have learned, or relapse into barbarism?" No general reply will answer this question accurately. If the pupil is enrolled at six or seven years of age and kept constantly in school until seventeen or eighteen years old, a part of this time in a non-reservation school and away from tribal influences, it is safe to say that he will rarely or never relapse into a camp Indian. On the other hand, if he grows up wild in a camp until fourteen or fifteen years of age, as often happens, and then attends school two or three years, it cannot be expected that his few years of school life will wholly do away with the effects of his earlier training in an Indian camp. Then, too, it is probable that dispositions vary as much among Indians as among whites, and opportunities that will be wholly neglected by one Indian pupil will be improved by another pupil. It may be said that for those who have no opportunity to live off the reservations, it is giving them a glimpse of the heaven of knowledge and civilization simply to increase the reality of their semi-barbarous life of sloth and degradation. Even the best and most progressive of pupils cannot maintain the same standard of civilization after returning to an Indian reservation that they have held at school. Conveniences are wholly lacking. Life on a reservation is crude and rough; even a white man, with many generations of civilization behind him, will retrograde with such an environment.

It is probable that the ultimate solution of the Indian problem will be largely assisted by an amalgamation of the races and by the absorption of the Indian blood by the white race; and at the present time the work is going on much faster than is generally suspected.

All mixed bloods—of whatever degree of Indian blood—are enumerated as Indians, but if a separate census of the full-bloods and mixed bloods could be taken for a few years, it would undoubtedly show that, while the mixed bloods were increasing rapidly, the full-bloods were constantly decreasing in numbers. It is known that for years a premium for inter-marriage has practically been offered by the Government, by allowing a white man with an Indian, or a mixed-blood, wife to live on a reservation where his stock could have unlimited range, unmolested by outsiders, while he drew rations, farming implements, cash payments, etc., for his wife and every child which might be born of the union. The mixed-blood families are usually large and the children healthy. No matter if the father is a man of no education, he has the innate desire of every white man that his children may be educated, and usually grasps eagerly at the opportunities offered his children by the Government schools. The full-bloods have small families, and very many of their children die in infancy. Added to this, the full-bloods inherit consumption and scrofula, which, in the mixed population, seems to

be somewhat dissipated by inter-mixture with white blood. Thus it would seem that the final satisfactory adjustment of the vexed Indian question is the education of the children—both full and mixed bloods—and, as in all other races, await the survival of the fittest.

MARY ALICE HARRIMAN.

OLYMPIAN WILDS.

Chas. E. Cline, with a party of Olympians, will soon start for the Olympic Mountains on a prospecting trip. These mountains have never



A NEW ARRIVAL AT THE PIERRE INDIAN SCHOOL

been fully explored, and it is said to be the only region in the United States of which the Government has no topographical map.

The *Whatcom* (Wash.) *Blade* says that many weird tales are told by the aborigines and the early settlers of these hills, and from time to time the State press has contained statements that in the Olympian *terra incognita* strange races of people lived, differing very much from the natives who live in the foothills and the forests at the base of these mountains. Their



INDIAN MOTHERS VISITING THE PIERRE SCHOOL.

very names are redolent of the days when the earth was young and the gods of the old Grecian mythology held high carnival upon the sunny slopes of Thessaly and the Island of Greece, Mt. Olympus, the Jupiter Hills, Mt. Elinor, Mt. Constance, etc.

Very few white men and no Indians have looked upon the mysteries of these mountains, and there are great portions of that range where, so far as known, no human foot has trodden. Its fauna and flora are bound to offer

some surprises to the scientists. Some years ago the Government sent Lieut. O'Neil of the regular army to make a personal reconnaissance of the Olympics, but it is generally believed that most of his time was spent upon the landward side of the mountain, and that much of the side overlooking the Straits of Fuca has not yet been traversed.

Mr. Cline's party, however, is led by a gentleman who spent several months making a preliminary survey looking for a possible route for a railroad through these mountains from Port Angeles southeastward, during which time he was enabled to make certain discoveries of copper, gold and silver ores which the party is now going to secure.

Among other things, he claims to have found a ledge of lithographic stone twelve feet in thickness, samples of which are said by experts to equal the finest German stone.

TACOMA'S PRIMITIVE MINT.

Tacoma once had a mint that coined all the money that was then in circulation where the "City of Destiny" now stands, and it did not require the fiat of Uncle Sam, the silver of Idaho or the gold of California to make the pieces from Tacoma's mint pass current among the Indians and the few hardy pioneers that were blazing the path of civilization through the forest on the shores of Commencement Bay.

Back in the early seventies, says the *Ledger* of that city, the Tacoma Mill Company, not being able to secure gold and silver easily for use in trading with and paying off the Indian laborers and early settlers, hit upon the novel plan of issuing its own currency, and to this end set its blacksmith at work to fashion for it, out of scraps of iron and brass, pieces of money, or, rather, tokens, which could be used as a circulating medium. The pieces consisted of forty-cent and forty-five cent iron tokens and brass \$1 pieces. The forty-cent pieces were about an inch in diameter, and the forty-five-cent pieces were about the size of the present silver half-dollar. The \$1 pieces were oval in shape, about an inch and a quarter long, an inch wide and a sixteenth of an inch in thickness. These pieces were stamped with the figures showing their value, and readily passed current over all the country tributary to the mill. Nearly all this old "mill" coin has passed away; but a few days ago William Hanson, of the Tacoma Mill Company, presented a set of these queer coins to the Ferry museum. In his letter to the museum, he said:

"The honesty of the people and the absence of any blacksmith's shop save that of the company, made the use of this money possible."

Oregon has long boasted that the "Beaver" coin, minted at Oregon City in the early fifties, was the only money minted in the Northwest in the days of the pioneer; but here in Tacoma, long years after Oregon's "Beaver" mint had become an historical incident, was a primitive mine that supplied the coin to furnish the pioneers and Indians with all the necessities for their rough lives. The coins, which are still preserved, are roughly made, just such as any blacksmith with ordinary tools might make; and, as a matter of fact, during the early years of the mill company's existence they formed practically the local circulating medium of exchange. When the Indians who were employed in the mill were paid for their labor, this coin sufficed, as all the trading they did was with the little store run in connection with the mill. The iron and brass pieces were, of course, passed among the Indians in trading with each other, and as anything in the way of supplies was purchased by them at the mill store, the pieces were fully as good to them as if they had borne the stamp of the Government.



"Line a ship, Ho, Master Builder!
Thus and thus her shape must be:
Long and slim, like Svendsen's arrow—
Pointed sharp, to cleave the sea;
Build her well with toughened timber,
Stronger than the thews of Thor;
Build her stout, as never Norsemen
Saw her like before.

"Draft her well, Ho, Master Builder!—
On thy board, that I may see
If her length and breadth and thickness
And her keel-line pleaseth me.
You must make her so that sea-birds,
When I sail, are left behind;
Make her that the oldest Viking
Never saw her kind.

"Build her deep, Ho, Master Builder!
Deck below and deck above,
Shape her prow like Svendsen's arrow,
For her sign a snow-white dove;
Build her fast; ere many suns set
O'er the haven of Dronthine,
I must sail to find the Christ-man,
I have seen his sign.

"Build her taut, Ho, Master Builder!
Let thy craftsmen caulk her well;
Take the tar of Eric's pine-trees
On the hills of Joergansfell.
Caulk her tight, that when the storms come,
As the Christ-man says they will,
When I sail toward the God's land
I may get no ill."

Eric Bjornsen, Master Builder,
Took his draftings off his board,
Saying, "I have built the White Dove
For this strange sea-lord;
I have built her fair as Balder,
Stronger than the arms of Thor,
She is ready for the launching—
Take her, Harald Nor."



Harald Norsen and all Dronthine,
Bersarks rough and Vikings gray,
Gathered on the beach at sunrise
Of the White Dove's launching day.
With them stood Old Relf, the white-haired,
Like a pine-tree crowned with snows,
Aged, yet no man in Norway
Struck, with ax, such blows.



Olaf Sweyen, the serpent's master,
Laughing, looked toward the Dove,
Ran his eyes along the deck-line,
Then he looked above.
Then he said to Elfrie Siegfried,
Pointing to the flag o'erhead,
"Tis a cross, and it's a blood-stained
Omen of the dead."

Then Old Relf, the white-haired Viking,
Turned to Harald, and he said:
"What's that strange bird at thy prow-staff?
What's that cross of red?
I have been to every launching
Since the days of Red Scarvield,
And I never saw a war-ship
Built without a shield."

Harald Norsen spake this answer:
"Bersarks old, and Vikings gray,
I am going on a journey,
I shall sail today.
All my life I've spent in Dronthine
Or in fighting on the sea;
Now I go to find the Christ-man,
He is calling me.

"Odalbrand and Thorwald told me—
Once when peace reigned o'er the earth,
That a God-man came in child-form,
Wise men waited at His birth;
And they told me how He loved men,
Though they crossed Him on a tree;
From that cross I hear Him calling,
'Will you follow me?'"

"Odalbrand and Thorwald told me—
Once a God came like a dove,
Said—'Behold, I am well pleased;
This, my Son, is from above.'
So I bear the dove before me,
And His banner overhead,
Peace on earth He gives to all men
Through that cross of red."

Then the women stopped their working,
Dropped their skeins of walrus thread,
Spake to Harald in this manner:
"Leave not the living for the dead,
Stay, and drink the health of Odin,
Go not to that distant shore,
Thor will throw his hammer at you,
And you'll never see us more."

Then he cried, "Farewell! Ho, Norway!"—
Looking o'er the White Dove's side—
"I have cut the ropes that bound her,
Ropes of walrus hide.
I am going," cried Harald Norsen,
As he pointed to the sea,
"Who, of all my kin in Norway,
Dares to go with me?"

"Who will sail to find the Christ-man
Through the mists that wrap the way,
Out across the sea of mountains,
Black with storms and white with spray?
There is calm beyond the storming,
Sunshine on a summer sea,
Through the night we come to day-time—
Will you go with me?"

Then they all cried: "Harald Norsen,
"Thorwald Lief, and Aelfred Bred,
"Ye are mad, and Thor will curse you
"If you go today;
"All last night, upon the mountains,
"Moaned the pines of Joergansfell,
"And the spirits of dead Vikings
"Walked the sea as well.

"Firebeard Liefson, sailing homeward,
"Saw the ghost-ships rise at sea,
"And he swore, by Thor's great hammer,
"They were calling thee."
"Eric Bjornsen, Master Builder,
"Bersarks old and Vikings gray,
"Fair-haired sisters, Norway mothers,
"I shall go today;

"I shall sail the White Dove seaward,
"Tho' dead sailors walk the sea,
"And the ghosts of ships, long sunken,
"Rise and follow me.
"With that cross upon the mast-head,
"And that dove upon the prow,
"All the spirits of the North Sea
"Cannot harm me now."

Heavenward flies the red-crossed banner,
Seaward points the white-wing'd dove,
And a light goes on before her,
Streaming from above;
While upon the shores, all Norway
Looketh out toward the sea,
And the breezes, blowing landward,
Whisper, "Follow me!"

GEORGE BEAUMONT BENFORD.
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TOWNS, MINES AND VALLEYS IN WASHINGTON AND OREGON.

PENDLETON, THE CENTRAL POINT IN EASTERN OREGON.

In wandering about the country which goes to make what is known as the Pacific Northwest, one is sure to find certain localities that appeal strongly to one's admiration. They are what we may call resourceful communities. There is something in them, something back of and roundabout them, which supports as well as creates. Reflections of this nature crowded upon our mind when we visited the thriving town of Pendleton, Oregon, recently. The population does not exceed 4,500, but it is the largest town in Eastern Oregon and the center of large social and commercial interests. We were there long enough to observe, to ask questions, and to accumulate a goodly store of information for possible future use. In speaking of Pendleton's local and territorial advantages, both present and prospective, however, readers of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE can be served more satisfactorily if we quote liberally from a recent special edition of the *Pendleton East Oregonian*. We are also indebted to the same paper for the accompanying illustrations.

Situated near the center of the best and most flourishing county of Eastern Oregon, Pendleton is its county seat, has several lines of railway, is the financial center of a broad extent of country, and, with its natural position and advantages, together with its present substantial growth, is necessarily the most important town in that part of Oregon, and the great objective point of all who visit the country east of the Cascades. Besides being the center of trade for and headquarters of the great and varied interests of the large and prosperous county of Umatilla, it is only fifty-three miles from the boundary line of Grant County on the south, thirty-six miles from the Columbia River at Umatilla, and thirty-five miles from the northeast corner of the State.

The *East Oregonian* says: "Those who are conversant with the extent of the resources of the country that surrounds Pendleton, predict for it a destiny that will make it second in commercial importance to no city in the interior Northwest. Besides the rich farming lands which are tributary to the town, it is the trading center for the large stock and wool interests of this section. The growth of the city has kept pace with the development of the county. In 1884 it became necessary to encroach upon Indian reservation lands, that bounded it on all sides, except the northwest, and, by special act of Congress, 640 acres of this reservation land lying adjacent was laid off into blocks and lots and sold to the highest bidders, which afforded the necessary scope for the town to expand. These lots and blocks have been largely occupied, and the town is still expanding. The Umatilla River runs through the town and is spanned by three substantial bridges for the passage of wagons and other vehicles—besides the

bridges used exclusively for railroad purposes.

"From its location, Pendleton is a natural railroad center. It is 231 miles from Portland, 240 miles from Spokane, and 174 miles from Huntington. The Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company and the Washington & Columbia River Railway connect Pendleton with all points east, west, north and south, affording competitive railroad facilities of great value and directness.

"Pendleton's water-power is ample for manufacturing purposes and other uses. It has been developed in connection with electricity and is available for all purposes, both night and day. So firmly impressed were its people with the future of the city, that in 1887 they built a levee, nearly two miles long, at a cost of about

hose, and all other necessary appliances."

Upon visiting the city for the first time, our contemporary says, a stranger is struck with the number of large brick buildings which line the business portions of the main streets. The principal structures are of modern architectural design, built substantially with brick, and most of them are two stories in height, some of them having a frontage of 350 feet. A handsome and commodious brick court-house, three stories high, was built in 1889 at a cost of some \$90,000. It is a most substantial structure, and is well-adapted, in all its arrangements and appointments, to the county's needs for many years to come, including under its roof a substantial county jail. Also worthy of special mention is the fine two-story brick schoolhouse,

built in 1886 at a cost of over \$20,000, and occupying a commanding position on a hill in the southern portion of, and overlooking, the city. It is the most prominent object that attracts the gaze of passengers arriving at Pendleton on any line of railroad, and is a fine advertisement of the educational spirit and progress of the town. It is capable of accommodating 750 pupils. Another brick building is occupied by the public schools, the main building not being able to accommodate all the pupils.

There is a good opening, says the *East Oregonian*, for factories and shops; particularly is the field favorable for a small paper-and-straw-board mill, a meat-packing and cold-storage establishment, a creamery, and fruit packing.

Pendleton has excellent banks and mercantile houses, which do a large and successful business on the most thorough and conservative lines. The total deposits of the banks are upwards of \$700,000.

All the religious denominations are represented and all the various lodges and secret societies. There are two daily newspapers, one an evening and one a morning paper. The *Tribune*, the morning paper, publishes a weekly also; and the *East Oregonian*, the evening daily, also publishes a semi-weekly and a weekly. The papers are a credit to the town and are fully alive to its needs. The magnificent special edition of the *East Oregonian* was printed entirely in its own office, with its regular equipment, and

but reflects the spirit and enterprise of the people of Pendleton. There is no better advertisement of a place than the manner in which the people sustain its newspapers. A niggardly support extended the newspapers is evidence of a lack of public spirit, and intelligent men always view it so, but a generous support of the press has an opposite effect, and never fails to bring its return in the up-building and rapid progress of the city. Pendleton is justly proud of its newspapers. They would do credit to places of much larger size.

No other town in Eastern Oregon is so well equipped with hotels, and it is better prepared to accommodate guests and the traveling public than any other city of its size in the State.



UMATILLA COUNTY, OREGON—100,000 SACKS OF WHEAT IN ONE WAREHOUSE.

\$40,000. It skirts the south bank of the Umatilla River, thus protecting the town against any flood that might occur. Water-works have been constructed at a cost of \$30,000, making quite a complete system. There is a reservoir on a hill overlooking the city, into which the water is pumped from the Umatilla River, above town, and in this way the people are fully supplied with pure water and secure ample protection against fire. This system of water-works has already proved more than self-sustaining. The city has an excellent fire department consisting of three companies and supplied with the most improved fire engine, a sufficient number of hose-carts, a fine team, thousands of feet of



GENERAL VIEW OF PENDLETON, OREGON.

Umatilla is one of the northwest counties of the State. It borders on the Columbia River, and is about seventy-five miles long from north to south, and seventy-five miles wide from east to west. There are within it over 2,000,000 acres, the evident disparity between the total acreage and the dimensions being accounted for by stating that it is not square in form, but runs to points at either end.

"While nearly all of Eastern Oregon, with an area of 64,400 square miles, is especially adapted to successful sheep-raising," to quote again, "the favorite sheep range of the whole Pacific Coast is in the region traversed by the Blue Mountains in Umatilla, Wallowa, Union and Grant counties. Here the winters are short and comparatively mild, and the grasses abundant and nutritious beyond all comparison. As a consequence, sheep thrive with comparatively little care, the winter losses are reduced to a minimum, the percentage of increase of lambs is high, exceeding ninety per cent, and the wool is of a very fine grade. There are in Eastern Oregon about 2,250,000 head of sheep, and the amount of wool sheared from their backs annually is fully 17,000,000

pounds. The industry has forged ahead steadily, and there are now more sheep in Eastern Oregon than ever. While the Willamette Valley, in Western Oregon, does not produce one-fourth of the wool it produced fifteen years ago, Eastern Oregon has more than trebled its production. Undoubtedly, Umatilla County leads all Oregon counties in wool as well as in wheat production, and will continue to do so for all time to come. Improvements in wagon-roads, better railroad facilities, and especially the location of the great scouring-mills here, have all contributed toward swelling Pendleton's quota of the wool business.

"The appearance of the soils in Eastern Oregon is altogether different from those of the western part of the State. By far the larger part is of a gray, ashy appearance, and one coming from the darker soils of the Eastern States would be unfavorably impressed. Experience, however, teaches that these soils are abundantly supplied with plant food, and analyses show that they are probably the most fertile soils in the State. Their wonderful fertility is shown in their enormous yield of crops from year to year. The soil is exceed-

ingly deep in most localities, and of such a texture as to be worked easily."

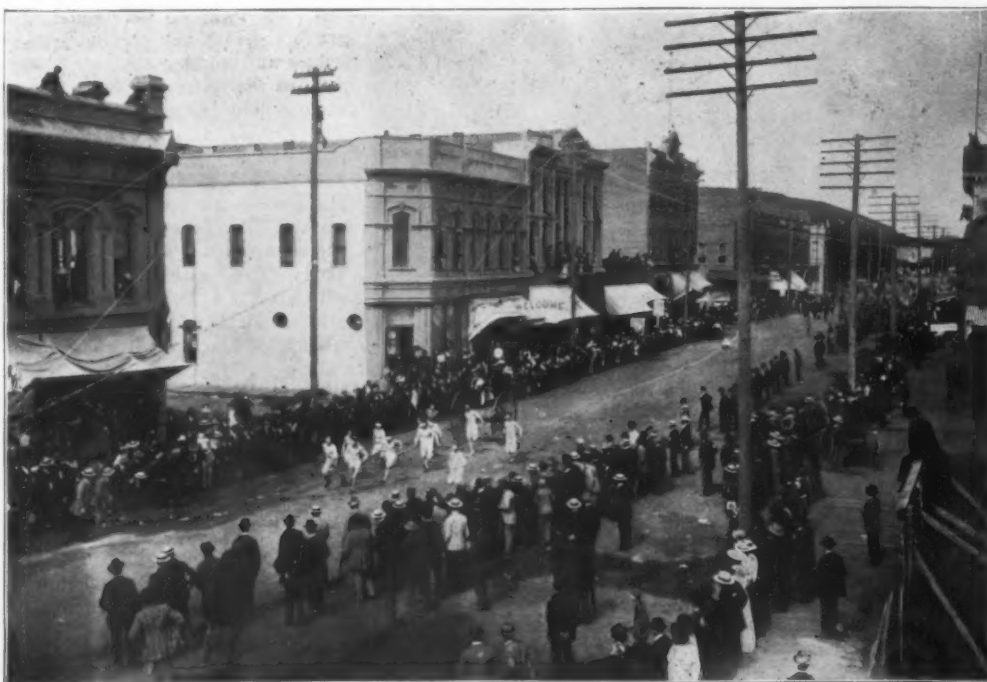
There is a grand opportunity here in the line of irrigation. Water is plentiful, and the soil is especially adapted to cultivation by artificial means. A number of prominent Umatilla County residents have demonstrated by practical experiments that irrigation about Pendleton can be carried on as successfully as in any other part of the country. A few years hence will no doubt witness the formation of a project by which the 100,000 acres of the finest soil on earth, lying in the vicinity of Pendleton, will be put under irrigation.

The town does not need to swell its population by any number of men in need of financial aid; what this bright little city and inviting county wants is men with a little capital and a good deal of brains, who will establish themselves here permanently and add to the development of one of the most promising counties in the Pacific Northwest. Recent enterprises established here include an immense wool-scouring plant and a woolen-mill, which have proved very successful and have been of the utmost value, not only to the owners themselves, but to the whole community. The town also boasts of two extensive flour-mills, which furnish all this region with flour. A good town for business as well as for residence purposes, Pendleton will always be one of the best and most influential centers of trade and population in Eastern Oregon.

SPEAKING OF BAKER CITY, OREGON.

Baker City needs but little introduction to mining men, as those who have not already visited this region know of it through their friends or acquaintances; but, for the benefit of those in search of new business locations or new fields for mining enterprises, we give a brief sketch of the business conditions and the outlook for mining developments in this section.

The town is on the Powder River and in the northeastern part of Baker County, of which it is the judicial seat. It is the recognized trading point for large portions of Union, Grant, Malheur and Harney counties. The town is a staid, solid old place not given to much pomp or boom or innovations; nevertheless, a substantial growth of business and population



A STREET SCENE IN PENDLETON, OREGON, DURING FIREMEN'S TOURNAMENT.

must be placed to its credit during the hard times. The population is about 4,000, and the town has all the equipments of fairly modern places several times as large. Two daily (one morning and one evening publications) and three weekly papers; electric lights, city water-works and a street-car line; a commodious brick hotel and an opera-house; a host of churches, excellent school facilities and a full quota of strong mercantile and manufacturing concerns, make up the community.

Big stocks of merchandise are the rule here, and the volume of trade is unprecedentedly large for a place of this size. There is but one bank—a strong one, it is true, yet insufficient to meet the wants of this large and growing region. Everything indicates that this is the best location in the State for another good banking-house. Manufacturing is confined to two large saw-mills, two planing-mills, a foundry and machine shops, a brewery, and a few other smaller industries.

The agricultural features of Baker County are sufficiently advanced to support the present population of the town, but it looks for its future growth to the development of its rich mining districts, for which it is the supply and distributing point. Baker can be reached only by the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company's line—the management of which has recently made great improvements on warehouse and yard facilities here—and a branch line thirty miles long, known as the Sumpter Valley Railroad, running from Baker up the Sumpter Valley, connecting it with a rich mining and grazing territory; and by six stage lines that leave Baker daily for the tributary mining towns and camps.

It is difficult to represent the mining possibilities of this vast territory fairly; the area is so vast, the discoveries so numerous and the development so varied, that it would take a large pamphlet to describe them in detail. The chief characteristics of this region are the continuity of the veins and the retention of values; and in many cases where fair depth has been attained, the values have considerably improved and the veins have widened, although depth, in nearly all instances, produced more refractory elements in the ore bodies. The notable exception to this, however, is the Virtue property, in which a depth of more than 600 feet has produced no perceptible change, the gold still being comparatively free. The Virtue mine was one of the early important discoveries in Eastern Oregon. It was located in 1864. Operated in a shiftless way for nearly thirty years, it never proved a marked success until about three years ago, when modern methods and appliances were adopted. It has since proved a splendid success, and is now paying large monthly dividends. This mine lies in what is known as the Virtue Swan Country, about eight miles due east of Baker City, adjacent to which are a number of other important properties that are more or less developed.

The Flagstaff, White Swan, Consolidated Virginia, Mogul, Gold Dollar, Texas, Emma Mona, Perry, Rachel, Altmas, Cyclone, Red Jacket, Adams, Lady Gordon, Phillip, McCord, Butler, Marble, Columbia, Brazos, Friday and many other claims lie in this vicinity. The Bonanza mine is about four miles southeast of Robinsonville and is now one of the great gold mines of the West. It was worked for a number of years and never proved a continued success, but the developments of the past two years place it in the front ranks of gold producers. Besides the Bonanza, however, are other good properties in the Robinsonville District known as the Don Juan, Phoenix, Pyx, Worley, Virginia, and other claims of promise.

In the Granite District considerable silver is found, but the Red Boy on Clear Creek is a successful gold property. The Monumental mine, seven miles east of Granite, is a silver proposition on which a great deal of money has been expended. There are over two dozen other promising claims in this district.

The Cornucopia District has, no doubt, a brilliant future. Most extensive operations in this region are conducted by the Union Companion Company, which has acquired a large number of claims here and has already made a decided success. The Red Jacket, adjacent to the Union Companion claims, has had a great deal of work done on it. On Simmons Mountain, adjoining Cornucopia, are the Simmons group, on which several shafts have been sunk. The Keady claims, on East Eagle Creek, are showing up well.

In and about the Sanger District several good claims exist. The best developed mines here are the Bradley, Basin and the Lilly White.

Around the Sparta District are found the oldest placer camps in the State. Sparta is about thirty miles from Baker, towards Cornucopia. A good many quartz ledges were located here last year.

The Elkhorn Mountains, about fifteen miles west of Baker, contain many good ledges on which work is now progressing. The chief properties here, besides the extensive placers at Pocahontas, are the Tom Paine, Baisley Elkhorn, and Robins Elkhorn. About one mile across the summit of the Elkhorn Mountains, on East Rock Creek, are the Maxwell and Beckwith properties, on which considerable work has been done and large bodies of ore blocked out. The Knapp and other claims in this vicinity look well.

Cracker Creek lies about thirty-four miles west of Baker and is the center of a rich mineral zone. The Eureka and Excelsior, the North Pole, the Columbia and the Ohio are the chief properties in this district.

Five miles from Cracker Creek the Ibex District begins, in which the Ibex property is found. Between Ibex and Cracker Creek lies the Mammoth mine, on which a great deal of work was done some years ago.

The Cable Cove District, an old camp discovered over twenty years ago, is situated six miles west of Cracker Creek, near the summit on the head of Silver Creek. The important properties here are the La Belle View, California, Ivy May, Red Chief, Crown Point, Winchester, Mormon Boy, Donnelly and Thornton, etc. Many other well-known properties tributary to Baker could be mentioned, but the above are sufficient to stimulate further inquiry on the part of those seeking profitable sections for mining developments. It can be said truthfully, that very few portions of America afford better opportunities for successful investment in mining ventures than the territory of which Baker City is the recognized headquarters.

AN ATTRACTIVE OREGON VALLEY.

One of the most charming and attractive stretches of valley land in the West is the Grande Ronde Valley in Union County, Eastern Oregon. This fertile spot, no doubt the bed of an old lake, is the most highly favored portion of the State. The valley is about thirty-two miles long and sixteen miles wide, and the special conditions of the soil and climate make it an ideal place for fruit and for beet culture. The valley is surrounded on all sides by handsome foothills and precipitous mountain ranges, making a most imposing frame for this mountain gem. The grassy foothills, dotted here and there with groups of

straggling pines, seamed with dark-wooded ravines and naked gulches, and backed with tall, rugged mountain peaks, guard this valley from the severe blasts of winter and the withering heat of summer, giving to this section an equable temperature, where nearly all kinds of fruit attain a high state of perfection.

For a number of years the agriculturists of the Grande Ronde Valley raised fruit only for their own use, not seeming to realize that the soil of the valley they dwell in cannot be surpassed for its fruit-producing qualities. Finally a few enterprising men went into the fruit business extensively and realized, from the carloads sent to market, more than their most sanguine expectations justified. Although the valley has made advanced strides as a fruit producer, the possibilities of the Grande Ronde Country are so far from their realization that it would be impossible for one familiar with the science of horticulture, much less the writer, to prophesy what is in store for this promising section. Nearly all species of fruit known to the horticulturist seem natural to this climate and mature with surprising quickness. Apples, peaches, pears, plums, prunes, apricots, cherries and small fruits are raised in great profusion. The prunes raised here equal those of Italy and Turkey in variety, berries attain a phenomenal size and have a delicious flavor, and apples are raised in abundance and are of many kinds and of superior quality. Apple-trees bear in three or four years, peach-trees in the second and third years, and prunes and plums also mature early.

As for markets, none better can be desired than those in the mining districts of Idaho, Montana and Oregon; then, there are the great distributing points of St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, and Chicago. They will demand thousands of car-loads of fruit from the valley; and the latter—if people in search of such lines of agriculture will appreciate the grand opportunities afforded them here—will be amply able to supply the demand. This country has long been known as the great grain-producing belt of Eastern Oregon; and, unless all appearances are deceptive, it will soon be the recognized producer of the largest shipments of the finest fruit. The people in the valley seem to have a good foundation for their claim that the climate of the Grande Ronde section is more attractive for fruit-growers than that of California. Here, they say, the cooler winter climate of the valley matures the wood of the trees and the vines more quickly than the warmer, frostless winters of Southern California do. This claim has apparently been substantiated by practical demonstrations.

The golden grain-fields of the Grande Ronde Valley are famed far and wide. The perfect harvest weather, combined with the fact that the most modern machinery is used here, enables the farmers of the valley to grow wheat at less cost than it can be grown in the East. Wheat and barley, oats and rye, hay and hops, are raised in abundance. Twenty-five bushels of wheat to the acre has been the general average here for the last eight years, and the production has gone as high as sixty bushels to the acre. Barley averages fifty bushels, oats fifty bushels and corn twenty-five to forty bushels, corn not doing so well, because of the cool summer nights. Ryegrass grows splendidly and is used extensively for feed for hogs. The finest of timothy and red clover abound in the valley, and three and one-half to four tons of the former are produced on meadow-lands that have never been broken by a plow, having been seeded on the turf. Potatoes, yielding 200 to 600 bushels an acre, find a ready market at thirty to sixty cents a bushel. As for hops, they are always in demand, and the Grande

Ronde hops are "par excellence."

The average rainfall in the Grande Ronde Valley, according to official statistics, is twenty-four inches. Although in some countries this would hardly be sufficient to warrant a good crop, it is sufficient here for the reason that, during the winter, a great amount of snow accumulates in the mountains surrounding the valley, notwithstanding the fact that the valley itself experiences a very light snowfall. The warm breezes of spring, combined with the melting rays of the sun, cause this accumulation of snow to melt, and the water fills the streams throughout the valley. This forms a most gratifying system of sub-irrigation, and, for this reason, a failure of crops in the Grande Ronde Country has still to occur. This sub-irrigation has never failed and is an almost indispensable advantage to the farmer, who, otherwise, would find it necessary to irrigate his lands, to some extent, in order to insure a good crop.

Can the Grande Ronde Valley produce good sugar-beets, and will it be able, with its soil and climatic conditions, to produce them as cheaply as in any other section of the country? After a careful investigation, no hesitancy need be experienced in answering these queries in the affirmative. There is no reason why this section should not eventually become one of the greatest sugar-producing sections in the United States. The United States consumes about 4,000,000,000 pounds of sugar annually, and of this enormous amount only about one-fourth is produced in this country. During the past five years it has taken three-fourths of the money received in this country, from exported wheat and flour, to pay for imported sugar. It has already been demonstrated that the United States can produce good sugar, and in large enough quantities to satisfy the greatest possible demand. There seems to be no reason why we should pay over one hundred and twenty-five million dollars per annum to foreign countries for sugar, when we can produce that same article here. So far, California has achieved the greatest success as a sugar State, having a number of factories in operation. Nebraska, Utah, New Mexico and Wisconsin are also sugar producers. The question that has confronted the more enterprising farmers of the Grande Ronde Valley is, "Can we produce the sugar from beets and carry it to the consumer as cheaply as California or other States?" It has already been declared that there is no doubt that the Grande Ronde people can raise sugar beets; now let us



THE SUGAR BEET, AS GROWN IN OREGON.

endeavor to verify this by the following statements:

Comparative temperature charts show that Oregon is well suited to the conditions demanded by the sugar beet. Although the State differs greatly from typical beet-produc-

ing countries in rainfall, the fall of rain not being evenly distributed, this seeming deviation is no serious drawback. The Oregon soil possesses more retentiveness of moisture; therefore, enough moisture is absorbed during the wet season to keep the ground in a fertile condition during the summer months. Three indispensable bases for the formation of sugar in the beet, according to the scientific horticulturist, are phosphoric acid, lime, and potash. The soils of the Grande Ronde Valley are abundantly supplied with phosphoric acid, and they surpass those of France in lime and equal them in potash. This statement will satisfy the reader as to the natural advantages which this delightful valley possesses as a sugar-beet section.

The Oregon Agricultural Experiment Station, at Corvallis, for a number of years past arranged with farmers in different parts of the State to cultivate a small plot of beets, the seeds being furnished by the station. These experiments, and the analyses made, resulted as follows: Number of analyses made by State, 30; average of analyses made at the station, 18.61; purity, 85.10. Number of Government analyses, 2; average for the U.S. Department of Agriculture, 14.35; purity, 81.8.

The above figures argue strongly that the Grande Ronde Valley can produce beets sufficiently rich in sugar and of exceptional purity. With equal truth can it be said that the cost of production of sugar beets is as low in the valley as at any other place. Why, then, should Oregon pay out about one million dollars a year for sugar, when it has a natural beet tract within its own borders?

There are three railroad towns of importance in the Grande Ronde Valley. La Grande, the largest, is a solid, handsome place of 2,500 people, nestling in the foothills at the head of the valley. This is a division point on the O. R. & N. R. R. The business portion of the town is built mostly of brick and presents a very substantial appearance. It is well endowed with all modern

conveniences, and has excellent school and church facilities. Good fruitlands, lying within a few miles of La Grande, can be purchased in small tracts at very reasonable prices.

Elgin is the chief town on the line branching out from La Grande, while Union is the old town of the valley, and the county seat. Union is beautifully situated, its surrounding country combining natural agricultural and mining advantages with an ideal climate and charming scenery, features which should influence its growth and development.



CULTIVATING SUGAR BEETS AT THE OREGON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

It will not surprise us to see these towns ranking among Oregon's most important trade centers within the next decade.

A VISIT TO NORTH YAKIMA, WASH.

Situated at the junction of the Yakima and Naches rivers, in the Yakima Valley, surrounded by a circle of mountains which form a huge natural basin, is the town of North Yakima.

The town is the center of large irrigation interests and is, therefore, the shipping point of great quantities of fruit, vegetables, grains, alfalfa and hops, making it one of the most important points in Washington on the Northern Pacific Railway. The county of Yakima is a little larger than Connecticut, and reaches from the Columbia River on the east to the Cascade Range on the west. It consists of valleys, undulating hills and broad table-lands. The soil is exceptionally rich, and a great variety of product is raised profitably. In the midst of this fertile country, surrounded by all the advantages that are derived from such an advantageous position, lies North Yakima, with its 3,500 people.

We have never seen a more attractive town than this one. With its broad streets, fringed on both sides with locust, tall Lombardy poplars and other trees, it reminded us forcibly of a Louisiana town in which we once spent a winter. On each side of the North Yakima streets runs a stream of clear, sparkling water which feeds the rows of trees and adds to the attractiveness of the place. We found it hard to realize, as we strolled through the town enjoying the cool shade of the tree foliage and admiring the beautiful yards and promising gardens, that twelve years ago all this was a barren waste, with only

here and there a bunch of sage-brush dotting the sands. However, if North Yakima is young in years it is old in appearance. It has a substantial business street and an astonishingly large number of handsome residences, which would do credit to a place twice its size. Everything in the line of modern improvements is found here. There are mains of pure drinking water; sewerage, electric lights, a fine telephone system, two hotels, numerous churches, a large Catholic hospital, three weekly newspapers and a farming journal; a theater, public drinking-fountains, splendid drives, and last, but by no means least, a thoroughly organized Commercial Club. This club is composed of prominent business and professional men of the city and substantial farmers living in the vicinity. Their enterprise in forwarding the interests of the town has gained for them an enviable name, and they are always ready and willing to correspond with people in the East who desire to obtain definite in-

formation regarding the Yakima country. In 1895 the Commercial Club issued a handsome pamphlet, profusely illustrated with the finest half-tone engravings, giving facts about the valley and its products and also containing a short write-up of the city. It is due to this work that we are able to lay before the readers of this magazine so much interesting information. North Yakima has an abundance of retail stores, and her citizens do not have to go outside the town to purchase furnishings for their homes. Although there are a number of substantial brick and stone buildings on the business street, there is room for a goodly number of structures of like character. Being the county seat, it is the home of many county officials and followers of the legal profession, whose presence tends to lend dignity to the local atmosphere.

Not far from the city is an Indian reservation, and on the streets of the town are usually seen a number of redskins attired in gaudy



A VIEW OF THE BIG SUNNYSIDE CANAL, NEAR NORTH YAKIMA, WASH.



A YAKIMA PEAR-TREE, RAISED BY IRRIGATION.

blankets, lounging about the stores, swapping skins and lies, the latter almost always being in the majority. Their presence adds a romantic feature to the little city, and a number of groups which I saw would have furnished excellent material for the pen of Frederick Remington. These Indians are not bad neighbors, and during the hop-picking time they come to the city by hundreds to aid the farmers in harvesting their crop.

Within comfortable walking-distance of the town are the State Fair grounds, including a racing-track, the finest in the State of Washington. With each autumn comes the fair, and there is always a large crowd in attendance, the stock and farm exhibits attracting wide-spread interest. The races bring many stockmen to North Yakima, who hold their horses in training for several months previous to the fair.

Now that we have given an idea of this irrigated town, we will say something about the county of which North Yakima is the judicial seat and chief center. Maj. J. W. Powell, director of the United States Geological Survey, said in an address delivered to the members of the North Yakima Commercial Club in 1893:

"There is more than water enough

flowing through Yakima County to irrigate every acre of arable land; and in this respect the Yakima Valley is especially and exceptionally favored, as its water supply is superior to that of any other region in the West with but one exception, that of Boise, Idaho. People can appreciate what this great blessing means when they realize the fact that, in States like Arizona and Nevada, if every drop of running surface-water were utilized during the irrigation season, there would not be sufficient water to reclaim more than one-half of one per cent of the arid lands of those states."

The entire country about North Yakima is veritably gridironed with irrigation canals and ditches. The soil, being quite porous, absorbs the water with readiness, and the finest of prunes, pears, peaches, apricots, grapes, apples, vegetables, etc., are grown in great abundance. Alfalfa, king of the hay-crop, the ideal food for sheep and the best fattening for cattle and hogs, cannot be raised to a greater advantage in any other country. From three to four crops are cut each season, aggregating seven to nine tons per acre. The sheep business in Yakima County has assumed extensive proportions, the mutton being shipped to Puget Sound and Eastern points. There being no burs in this country, the wool is free from this pest and is therefore of a superfine quality.

Much can be said relative to the advantages the Yakima Country possesses for cattle-raising. The valley furnishes nearly all the beef used in Seattle, Tacoma and Western Washington markets from December 1 until the following May. Cattle can be fed more cheaply on alfalfa hay than on any other feed, and it has been practically demonstrated by stockmen that alfalfa hay is the best cattle feed; so, with good free grazing-land, lots of water, and its near vicinity to good markets, the Yakima Valley has everything in its favor as a cattle country. Hogs can be raised here at the lowest figure, and there is less liability to disease; and, at the high figure pork is now receiving, the valley commends itself to the hog-raiser.

Respecting the hop-growing industry it may be said that the Yakima Valley is unexcelled for its advantages in this line. Hops have been grown successfully, the crops proving indisputable arguments in favor of the country. Beyond doubt, the Yakima Valley has no equal as a hop country, and hop men from all over the United States testify to the truthfulness of this statement. With good cultivation two thousand pounds of hops can be raised to the acre, and a hop-grower can always count upon a crop of 1,700 pounds to the acre. The hot, dry summer weather proves too much for the deadly hop louse, and this destructive insect is killed by the heat before it does any mischief. The cost of labor in preparing hops for the market,—that is, the cost of raising, harvesting, picking, curing and putting hops in the bale ready for shipment, is very small and leaves the grower a large profit.

In conclusion, we will quote a few extracts from the folder issued by the North Yakima Commercial Club, which state, without that exaggeration and flourish so common to the enthusiastic real-estate agent, the opportunities for capital in the town "where irrigation reigns:"

"We need, perhaps, more than anything else, a condensed-milk factory at North Yakima. The little valleys radiating out from this city, much like the spokes from the hub of a wheel, bring an immense country tributary to the city for this purpose. The ocean and Oriental trade, as well as mining and lumbering interests and the now rapidly developing Alaska Territory, furnish a home market for a large output of condensed milk. With 40,000 tons of

hay produced within a radius of fifteen miles of North Yakima, it should not be difficult to supply an abundance of milk. A guarantee of 10,000 pounds of milk a day can be secured in three days' time. This could be easily increased to 50,000 pounds per day in the near future.

"One or more canning establishments could be supplied with an abundance of large fruits, small fruits and vegetables. The market for this product covers the entire country from Minnesota to the Pacific Coast, and includes British Columbia, the rapidly developing Alaska Territory and the Oriental trade.

"In Aroostock County, Maine, there are about twenty starch factories, and they pay nineteen to twenty-two cents a bushel for the little potatoes that have no other commercial value. It would seem reasonable to suppose that if good, mealy, dry potatoes containing a maximum quantity of starch could be bought by the factory here at the same price and the site for factory on R. R. side-track, with an abundance of pure water, all donated, that such an institution could at least supply our local market on this coast at a profit in competition with factories four thousand miles away. This county produced last year about 25,000 tons of potatoes, and while they bring in Seattle and Tacoma from three to four dollars per ton, higher prices than their potatoes, which are raised without irrigation, yet we more than supply that market. Many car-loads have gone East to St. Paul and Minneapolis, and are considered by far the best potatoes they can get, but the haul by railroad is a long one. Potato-raising has usually been very profitable, but last year our farmers rather overdid that crop and good, merchantable potatoes are now quoted at seven dollars per ton."

VICTOR H. SMALLEY.

COLUMBIA'S HOLIDAY.

The sobs of patriot souls are hushed
As dawn flows through the cedars,
The webs of creed-spun hate are crushed,
Deserted stand the weavers.
A holy light o'erspreads the land,
And, love their forms adorning,
The nation's fathers in command
All sacred keep the morning.

All day the hills and vales resound
With glad acclaims of people,
The children strew with flowers the ground,
Joy rings from every steepie.
On sea, on land, alike the throngs,
In happiest abandon,
Make earth reverberate with songs
And cannonade at random.

And when the sable shroud of Night
Is drawn o'er Day's bright features,
Its hem is brilliant with the light
In eyes of thankful creatures,
Who bless the shore whereon the lore
And law of peace are spoken,
Where rich and poor alike rule o'er
The nation's life unbroken.

FRANK CARLETON TECK.

New Whatcom, Wash.

THE WORLD'S WAY.

The world will look at the deed when 'tis done,
The world will think of the man who did it;
The world will talk and 'twill frown, or shun,
Or smile at the act should we do it.
Oh, the stern, gray world
With its busy tread—
Oh, the great, gay world,
When we are dead

Will frown and smile as the millions pass.
When his race is run, each man, alas,
Will sigh, " 'Twere better had I but frowned
On some of the deeds the great world crowned."
For the stern, gray world
With its busy tread
Is the great, gay world
When we are dead.

WILLIAM HENRY NEALOW.

Winona, Minn.

A SMACK OF THE MILLENNIUM.

Are we really living in the dayspring of the millennial period? Is this closing century the dawn of that golden age, that blissful thousand-years' reign foretold by Isaiah, when there shall be universal peace among the denizens of our distracted world? "When the wolf, also, shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them?"

These were some of the queries which found lodgment in my mind while recently returning from a visit to "Happy Park," the spacious rural home of Mr. Abram Abrams and his worthy helpmeet. A rather pleasant episode in the ordinary routine of life is presented in the case of this elderly couple living in one of the border county districts of Northwestern Washington. Their children having married and removed to different sections of the country, these old people are living alone in a peculiarly quiet style.

Mr. Abrams settled upon his ranch about a quarter of a century ago, while it was yet a primeval wilderness. He owns an extensive stock range comprising over five full sections of excellent land, more than three thousand acres of which are still covered with a dense and almost impenetrable forest of fir, spruce and cedar timber. A rambling trout stream runs through his claim, giving rise to a pleasant succession of hills and valleys. The proprietor is not a large cattle raiser, and for the most part his broad forests and broken openings are still monopolized by the more inoffensive wild animals common to those regions. Red deer, coons, rabbits, beavers, squirrels, grouse, pheasants and pigeons are about as plentiful as they must have been before white settlers took possession of the country. By dint of careful management, Mr. Abrams has preserved a small band of elk from the original stock running wild upon the range when he first took possession of it. These animals are by no means so tame, generally, as the deer; although, since never having heard the report of a gun or the baying of hounds, they show no inclination to migrate from their ancient feeding-grounds. During several exceptionally severe winters, while a great depth of snow lay upon the ground, Mr. Abrams has directed his hired men to scatter clover hay under the forest trees in those regions which constitute the habitat of these noble animals. In the summer, the female elks will approach Mrs. Abrams and her little five-year-old granddaughter and lick salt from wooden trenchers held in their hands.

About six years ago Mr. Abrams imported, from one of the private parks east of the Rocky Mountains, a few head of genuine American bison. These were all young animals, and from their increase he now has a herd of grown animals to the number of fifteen or twenty, besides a few he has sold. For the special benefit of these roving animals, he has surrounded by a strong palisade a strip of prairie land with some scattered timber, all well watered throughout the year. This enclosure comprises nearly five hundred acres and will prove quite adequate to the wants of as large a herd as will ever be kept on the place. He will continue to sell his annual surplus for the planting of new colonies, but for no other purpose. These animals are as tame as the average cattle on any of our large stock-farms, and they are readily rounded

up, by men on horseback, for branding and other purposes. On such occasions they show no hostility nor inclination to inaugurate a stampede, but obediently move from place to place—whithersoever they are driven; a fact clearly showing that, with proper and kindly treatment, they are susceptible of becoming thoroughly domesticated. The black and cinnamon bear, wolves, cougars, and wildcats, the scourge of frontier settlements, have all been either killed or driven out of the neighborhood.

With so many facilities for convenient hunting, it is one of the strange phases of Abrams' life that he keeps neither hounds nor firearms about his place; and he allows no sportsmen to trespass upon his premises. It is a part of his religion to live at peace with all these animals running at large about him, just the same as with his horses and cattle. His wife is as enthusiastic on this point as her husband, and she is never more happy than when surrounded by a troop of gamboling fawns, coons and rabbits, together with a trio of cats and a couple of small house-dogs, counted in with the motley crew. These are her larger pets, as she calls them, while her little pets are the orchard squirrels, and the birds that nest about the cottage.

Beavers have for years built their dams and reared their oddly-appearing houses along the creek for a distance of a mile and a half; but the little villagers have never been molested; and they are so artlessly unsuspecting of evil that they take food from the hands of the venerable couple, who often visit them.

With a few tid-bits from the garden, Mrs. Abrams can call wild rabbits from the sallow and fern thickets. While the good lady is seated on some mossy bank beneath an ancient fir or cedar, it is but a cherished pastime for as many as a dozen rabbits to come hopping about her, jumping in and out of her lap and nibbling at the tender leaves she has brought in her apron to feed them. The squirrels are equally free with her, and whole families of them will clamor about the gentle dame to secure their quota of bread and cake.

In severe winter weather Mr. Abrams often finds a number of deer in his barn-yard—mixing freely with the sheep and other domestic animals and feeding with them from the same hay-and-grain racks. During the summer months, when the larger cattle resort to the remoter fastnesses of their valley ranges, it is a common occurrence to find them grazing in social compact with bucks and does from the neighboring woods, with as much nonchalance on either side as if all were on an equal footing and to the manor born. Mrs. Abrams' small house-dogs have never strayed beyond the confines of the family residence; hence her husband declares, with much confidence, that the wild denizens of his forests have never seen a specimen of the canine race.

Having heard some wonderful tales concerning the Abrams and their "Happy Park," I paid an unsolicited visit to the place, some time ago, and found that personal observation more than confirmed the most glowing reports. It was a bright morning in the early part of June, when I arrived there. After a midday meal, served and dispatched in true farmer style, the kindly old gentleman saddled two horses, upon which we rode, over a circuitous route, a distance of more than five miles from his residence. All this trouble was taken solely to show me about the place; for both the old people are exceptionally hospitable to visitors, and spare no pains to make everybody feel at home with them.

While threading our way along heavily-wooded districts we often started up deer, in groups of three to half a dozen or more, on either side of the trail, but my shouts of aston-

ishment and delight were answered only by so many hearty peals of laughter from my practical old guide. On passing these beautiful creatures, they appeared to betray about as much fear as would have been exhibited by a band of yearling calves; bounding away a few yards and then turning to gaze at us in blank curiosity. On the home-stretch we passed within a few yards of a beaver-dam and their adjoining village; and the little animals seemed in no degree disturbed while we stopped our horses to watch at short range their curious movements. Several of the males were engaged in felling sapling willows and alders, evidently for food supply; while a bevy of females and their young ones were playfully disporting themselves in the water.

Dinner was served on our return, and during its discussion it was entertaining in the extreme to hear my venerable host and hostess give their quaintly expressed ideas concerning the long-delayed coming of that millennial period when universal peace shall reign undisturbed between man and animated nature. Both believe that they can see in the signs of the times the near approach of that blessed reign; and to this end they strictly gauge their lives in their intercourse with the world and their conduct towards the lower animals about them. Their life-work constitutes, in fact, a beautiful poem.

After dinner, Mrs. Abrams showed me some evidences of her great skill in cultivating the social amenities of humming-birds. The wood-bines that clambered over the south windows were alive with these little creatures, and many of their nests were in process of building. Stepping into the front dooryard she called, cheerily, "Come, my little dears!" when, lo, a swarm of these tiny birds, representing several varieties, flew down to her from their leafy realms and began to eat honey from her open palm. While half a dozen or more were thus engaged, half a score settled upon her head, her shoulders and arms, all eager to dispute possession of the sweet treasure with their struggling fellows. During all this time dozens of these "jeweled tenants of the air" were darting and flashing hither and thither over our heads like animated rubies, apparently not the least concerned at my presence.

It is not only against the good woman's principles to keep birds in cages, but she has no occasion for adopting such a course, since the feathered warblers could not be more familiar with her under any form of restraint than they are at present during all hours of the day. A pair of robins were building their nest in an apple-tree whose branches swept the side of the house. The site chosen by these birds was the hollow in a forked limb within three feet of an open bedroom window; and this nest had been regularly rebuilt or repaired by the same owners for five successive years.

Swallows, martens, wrens, thrushes, sparrows and other small birds were building their nests in crevices and knot-holes all about the house; and they would strive to erect their frail domiciles in the parlor, if allowed to do so. "But no house was ever large enough for two families," remarked Mrs. Abrams, jocosely, "and so I gather up the sticks and straws as fast as they bring them in. Of course, they get tired of such bootless labor in a few days, take the broad hint, and stay out altogether."

The next day Mr. Abrams and I rode out about four miles, towards his northwestern border, to see the elk and bison. We traversed both inclosures and had a near view of the animals without in the least disturbing them.

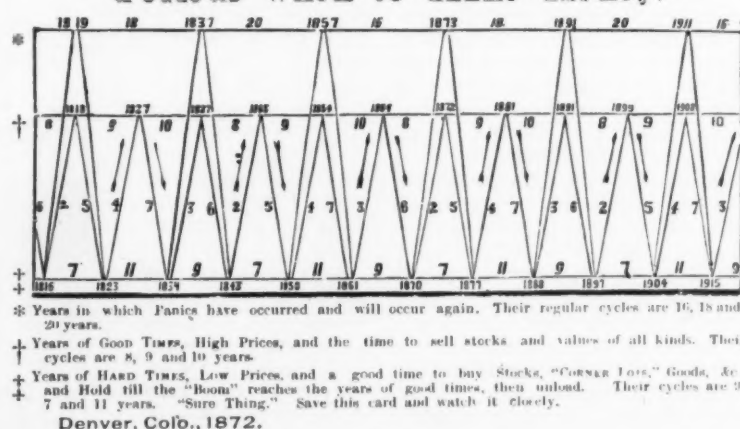
With the exception of indulging in fish (from the creek which nearly girdles their residence plat), eggs, honey, and the products of the dairy, the Abrams are strict vegetarians. They annually turn off large quantities of prime quality butter, eggs and honey; and it not infrequently happens that dealers contract beforehand for the season's output of one or more of these products.

Their poultry-yards, apiary and dairy-house, superintended as they are by hired men and women skilled in their respective departments, are models of neatness and rural beauty. Hay is also made a source of revenue. Aside from what is required for home consumption, several hundred tons of baled hay are sent each year to the various markets.

It was with genuine reluctance that I left Happy Park on the morning of the third day for the grinding city, to plunge once more into the turmoil of busy life.

L. P. VENEN.

Periods when to Make Money.



A CURIOUS DIAGRAM.—The diagram which we give above was published on a business card by George Tritch in Denver, Colorado, in 1872. We reproduce it from the card, with the explanations given with it. The diagram is not altogether accurate; for example, the panic Tritch predicted for 1891 actually occurred in 1893; still, the year 1891 witnessed the beginnings of the depression and the shrinkage in values which culminated in the crisis of 1893. It will be noted that the diagram gives the year 1897 as the time when an upward movement is to begin, and when it will be wise to buy stocks and real estate. The upward movement in the stock market is already well marked in New York. Since May 17 the quotations for eight of the leading speculative and investment stocks have risen to an extent ranging from four to thirteen per cent.



A New Use for Tacks.

Out in Idaho, not long ago, a farmer discovered a bear pulling up vines in the garden, and, having a gun and powder, but no bullets at hand, he decided to use carpet-tacks. Approaching as near to the animal as he considered judicious, the farmer discharged his gun. When the smoke had cleared away, his wife, who had been watching the proceedings, saw both man and beast stretched out on the ground, the farmer being about ten feet from where he was when he fired. His wife ran toward him, believing him dead, but before she reached him he rose up and said:

"If them carpet-tacks is as wide-spreadin' in their front action as they be powerful in their back action, that bear'll drop into pieces no bigger 'n fish-bait when we pick him up."

On dressing the animal, it was found that the tacks had indeed spread considerably, for they were found sticking in his heart like pins in a cushion, while the general distribution of them extended from his mouth to his tail.

A North Dakota Breeze.

Poison Carrots was in yesterday, and the side of his face nearest the left ear stood out like a hitching-post in the rain. He said his double back-breaking-plough-tooth was aching like the stomach of a small boy entertaining a raw turnip. After Poison had hung his hat on the swelling and filled his pipe with printing-office tobacco, he smiled at half-mast as if recollecting better days.

It seems that his mother-in-law had gone out in last Saturday's wind-storm to feed the pigs. The wind got her feet away from the ground and jumped her clear over the pig-pen and left her on the cow-barn, where Poison heard her crying for help half an hour before he brought her a ladder to climb back to earth on. The hired man came out of the barn, just as she was coming down, and he opened his mouth to laugh, but he closed it pretty sudden when he saw a pail of pigs' gruel coming down his way. Some hot words passed between them; there was no plate set for the hired man at the supper-table, and he had to sleep in the barn that night.—*Grafton (N. D.) Record.*

This is Strictly Private.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the head man of the firm when he came in and found the junior partner pacing the floor like a caged lion.

"Well, sir, understand that this is strictly between ourselves," came the answer, in an irritated voice. "There are some things that a man wants to endure without assistance or sympathy from others. I was sitting here an hour ago, looking through the mail. A well-dressed man of pleasing manners came in and asked for you, stating that there was an important matter of business about which he must talk with you personally. We had a pleasant little chat, when he looked at his watch, said he seemed to have conflicting engagements, and asked if he might use the telephone. Of course, I consented and showed him through the next room into the booth.

"In about ten minutes he came out, thanked me cordially, and said that he would be back

in half an hour to transact his business with you. He wasn't more than out of the building when the telephone jingled and the main office inquired whom that message to St. Louis should be charged to.

"What message?" I yelled, excitedly.

"Why, the one that just went over the long distance, of course."

"My knees quaked and my voice quavered as I asked how much it was.

"Just \$15.80," came the maddening reply.

"Charge it to me!" I shouted, and then chased wildly around the block looking for the fellow. That was another fool trick. To think of a man of my age and experience being such an unmitigated and infernal chump! I'll hunt that fellow to the ends of the earth. But don't you say a word. Mind, now!"—*Tacoma (Wash.) Ledger.*

Doctor Parker and His Dog "Nig."

Ordinarily, Nig possesses dignity enough for an active city government, but there are occasions when he relaxes. There is much that is human about Nig. His customary demeanor is the personification of calm old age with its accompanying surplussage of flesh and gravity of movement; but when his one weak spot is touched, he becomes transformed. The one temptation he can not resist, the serpent in his Garden of Eden, is lump sugar. As a confirmed drunkard craves his bracer in the morning, or the absinthe fiend his daily doses of the green demon, so Nig finds happiness in indulging in sweet, insidious sugar, the producer of fat and indigestion.

Like all who are addicted to a peculiar vice, Nig will go to any extreme to gratify his appetite. Discovering this, Doctor Potter has daily seances with Nig, in which the latter casts dignity and self-respect to the winds and conducts himself like a half-grown puppy, and, with shocking callousness, never seems ashamed of his actions.

Nig is the city-hall dog. Colonel Frank Boyd, the city clerk, claims ownership, but all the city officials feel a proprietary interest in him. Doctor Potter, who, as a rule, would not lead any one into temptation, is deep in the affections of Nig, but plays upon his dogship's appetite in a manner sad to witness.

Every afternoon the doctor strolls into the clerk's office and casually remarks:

"I wonder if anyone here likes sugar?"

In an instant, Nig is on his feet, his tail wagging at a forty-miles-an-hour rate. Then the doctor produces a lump of sugar and a piece of elastic. To one end of the elastic the sugar is attached, and the other end is affixed to a lock of hair on Nig's head, the lump falling on the dog's forehead just above the eyes. A circus ensues.

Nig's efforts to pull the sugar down to his mouth with his paws and to hold it there until he can eat it, are accompanied with such changes of expression in his features, such rolling and twisting, that the little crowd of on-lookers howls with glee.

Now and then the doctor will tie the lump to Nig's tail, and as the dog reaches for it the doctor begins to laugh. Nig wags his tail in

sympathy with the doctor's mirth, and misses his aim. This annoys him and he makes another attempt, only to miss, for he can not keep his tail from wagging. Finally, Nig lies on the floor, tries to concentrate his attention on the sugar, and slowly but surely reaches for it with his paw. A sudden blow, and Nig has the sugar. In joy at his success, he wags his tail and away the sugar goes, flying in the air and fast to the moving member. Nig secures the prize, eventually, but only after he has been humiliated, disgraced, rolled in the dust, and has "made a monkey" of himself.—*Spokane (Wash.) Spokesman-Review.*

Breaking a Montana Bicycle.

Being possessed of a liver which is not working a full shift, a doctor who advertises in these columns told us to get a bike. We asked him what particular kind he would recommend. He said that a yellow one would match up appropriately with our complexion. We find that it is about the yellowest thing we ever tackled. We first borrowed a lady's wheel, from one of the family. We thought that we could subdue it more easily, but there is where we erred. It was the most contrary and set thing in its ways we ever tackled.

The first thing it did was to climb a barbed-wire fence, deposit our limp remains, and then come at us viciously and jab the handle-bars into our ribs. In the meanwhile the rat-trap pedals, which fairly bristled with spear-pointed barbs, raked us fore and aft, chiefly aft, from the dome of our intellect to the point of our superior toe.

Again we were placed on the machine, given a shove by our offspring,—whom, we now suspect, has an idea that our wheel will soon be his,—and this time we ploughed an eight-inch furrow around a hay-stack—with our neck. The hay is a long way from the railroad right-of-way, and there is no possible danger of its being set on fire by a passing engine, but our early training as an agriculturist seemed to tell us, instinctively, as it were, to prepare for the worst and plow. So we plowed.

While all this was going forward, a large crowd of friends—and we had legions of them—cheered lustily and offered the loftiest encouragement—they were in the tall trees. All the affair lacked was the presence of the silver cornet band to make it a Fourth of July. The sky-rockets, blazing stars, set pieces, pin-wheels and Roman candles, were all there.

Finally, just how we shall never know, we got a good start and by frantic work got the



A FOURTH OF JULY EPISODE.

1. Piebald Horse (Chief of the Plutes)—"No give Injun cigarette, Injun take top-knot."

thing to going. To keep it going was easy, but how to stop it? Aye, there was the rub, and we had about all the rubs our cuticle could conveniently carry. Unfortunately, we had left the hay-stack to our rear, and in front, as far as the eye could reach, was a vista of hard ground which had been deposited there many years before, with rocks and boulders looming up like big red barns in a community of Pennsylvania Dutch. We desired to dismount, but we wanted to do so calmly and dispassionately. We feared that we were exercising too violently; so we dismounted.

Just how a man can get off a wheel so that it will reach him after he has just landed and then work a skin game and sand-bag him, we don't know, but that is just what happened. We spread out our legs and arms so as to catch as much air as possible—to cushion and buoy and let us down gently, and we seemed to linger and loiter in the air for a considerable period; but, notwithstanding, the bicycle did not reach us until a later date, and then it tried to peck our eyes out.

In our callow youth we once went to court a coy country maiden at her pastoral ranch home. She kindly loaned us a crippled cayuse, which precipitated us speedily on the family pile of split wood. It wasn't the only thing that was split; our pants and coat were also there. It was some time before we recovered consciousness and could speak in a whisper. It was then that the dear girl, bending fondly and tenderly over us, while her breath smelled like crushed jasmine, sweetly and archly said:

"Is that the way you allus git off'm a horse?"

So, when the crowd extricated us from the bicycle, we firmly grasped the handle of a monkey-wrench, resolutely determined to apply it to the first individual of its family who addressed us with the inevitable question.—*Bozeman (Mont.) Chronicle.*

How They Put Him Through Quarantine.

A few weeks ago a Mr. John Todd, who lives in Spokane, Wash., according to the *Spokesman-Review* of that city, found himself at Fort Steele, B. C., and desired to leave by boat the following morning for Jennings, Mont. Mr. Todd is up to snuff, as the saying goes, but this does not prevent him from becoming an occasional victim. Some tried and true friends in whom he had all the confidence in the world, informed him that Fort Steele was a quarantine station and that before leaving to cross the line he must be subjected to an examination. Todd had never before met with a quarantine sta-

tion, but the friends told him all about it and answered his queries as to the sort of examination he would have to pass. They told him it was a little rough, but he would have to stand it. Among other things they told him he would be obliged to strip. He protested and wanted to "square" the thing some way, but they told him it was impossible.

A Mr. Jackson acted as medical examiner, and Mr. Barnes, chief of police, officiated as escort, steerer and assistant. By the time the party had reached the office of "Doctor" Jackson, Mr. Todd was in anything but a pleasant frame of mind. When Barnes informed him that it was "his turn" to be examined, he heaved a great sigh and entered. As he did so he began to strip. He had removed his coat and vest, when he found that the examiner was not insisting on a complete disrobement, so he desisted. Then he was put through a course of questions.

"Ever had smallpox?"

"No, gentlemen, no; nothing of the sort."

"Ever been vaccinated?"

"Yes."

"Show us the mark."

"Well, you see, it was some time ago, and the mark is a little rubbed."

The inspectors passed up this question and fired another at him.

"Ever been exposed to yellow fever?"

Then, in turn, they asked him if he had ever been troubled with spinal meningitis, scarlet fever, German measles, whooping-cough, fits, mumps, paresis, pneumonia, and several other old things. They made him stick out his tongue, and they thumped his chest. They took his temperature, and marveled at its height. For a time they seriously considered whether or not it was a bad sign, and if it would not be better to keep him for a while and see whether or not any symptoms developed.

"Where would you keep me?" queried Mr. Todd, anxiously.

"In the quarantine station, of course," answered the doctor; then, in a casual sort of way, he added:

"There is a man with smallpox there now, so you wouldn't be lonely."

But Todd pleaded so hard that they finally concluded that they would let him go. This they did after inquiring whether or not he had ever had any limbs amputated, and demonstrating to their own satisfaction that he had not.

When the examination was finished, Todd thanked the examiners, almost with tears in his eyes, it is said, for their courtesy to him and

for not compelling him to strip. He assured them if they ever came to Spokane he would endeavor to repay their kindness.

The experience had trained him down several pounds and he emerged to the arms of his sympathizing friends with perspiration streaming from every pore.

He left for Jennings, but it is understood that his troubles were not entirely over, for the customs officer at Jennings, Mr. McCarthy, had been warned of his coming and was instructed to charge him duty

on a new pair of oars he had in his boat, rating them as green lumber.

Todd is now in this city. He is not talking of his Fort Steele experiences, but his friends in that camp have detailed them fully in letters to mutual friends in Spokane.

The Truth Was Crushing.

A farmer who was boring for water on a bluff in South Dakota, pierced a barrel of whisky which had been concealed by moonshiners in a cave under the hill. He believed that he had struck a natural spring of liquor, and immediately set a fabulous price on his farm. When he discovered the truth, he was so chagrined that he left the country and took a neighbor's wife with him.—*Crookston (Minn.) Times.*

Old Crops Galore.

A Houston County grain dealer sent out a circular to one of his customers inquiring the amount of old crops on hand. The answer he got was:

"All we've got in this neighborhood is three widders, two schoolmarms, a patch of wheat, the hog cholera, too much rain, about fifty acres of taters, and a darned fool who married a cross-eyed gal because she owned eighty sheep and a mule, which same is me, and no more at present."—*Little Falls (Minn.) Herald.*

A Poem that Wilt.

The Starbuck (Wash.) *Signal* has a funny man on its "staff" who now and then is guilty of a so-called rhyme. The following is his latest effusion:

"Wilt thou take her for thy pard, for better or for worse?—to have, to hold, to fondly guard, till hauld off in a hearse? Wilt thou let her have her way, consult her many wishes; make the fire up every day, and help her wash the dishes? Wilt thou give her all the "stuff" her little purse will pack; buy a monkey boa and muff, a little sealskin sacque? Wilt thou comfort and support her father and her mother—Aunt Jemima, Uncle John, thirteen sisters and a brother? And his face grew pale and blank. It was too late to jilt. As through the chapel floor he sank, he sadly said, 'I wilt.'"

Leary Tells How He Fooled a Conductor.

Wm. Leary and wife, of Issaquah, were in the city the other day, and the farmer told of a joke which he perpetrated on the S. & L. conductor for some joking remarks the latter made in reference to Leary, some time ago.

Leary fixed it up with his wife to impersonate a grass widow, and he was to kiss her in the presence of the conductor. First, however, he told the conductor of "a grass widow" on the train whom he was bound to kiss before the train reached Seattle. The conductor told him the rules of the road forbade kissing on the train while en route, and if attempted, the man so rash would be thrown off.

Soon after, Leary passed his wife in the car and rather ungallantly flipped her hat with his fingers. The conductor was eying him, and by the time Leary had flipped the hat a second time and was in the act of bending over to kiss the "grass widow," the conductor sprang for him and was at once going to throw him out of the car.

The suddenness of his onslaught disconcerted the woman in the case to such a degree that she jumped up and declared:

"See here, sir! that man is my husband. He is only fooling you."

The conductor wilted, and then tried to bribe Mr. Leary to live and die with the secret locked safely in his breast. But the passengers got wind of the joke, and the laugh went round.—*Seattle (Wash.) Times.*



2. Ling Lung (the laundryman, to himself)—"Velly big fool! Tinky fire-clacker cligalette!"

SUMMER SNAP SHOTS.



WALKER, AND LEECH LAKE.

Breakfast in the Twin Cities, dine at Brainerd, eat supper on the shores of the wildest and most picturesque lake in Minnesota! This is possible for those who wish to fish in waters only recently known to other than Indian people.

The Northern Pacific and The Brainerd and Northern railroads, with their smooth road-beds and excellent train service, are the roads that lead to Walker, the newest town in the State, and also to the largest lake—with the exception of Red Lake, which has more water than Leech Lake, but less shore-line. The town of Walker, Minnesota, was started in February, 1896, and today it presents a substantial array of good hotels, business houses and residences that are conclusive proofs of its real solidity. The trip from Brainerd is so delightfully refreshing in the utter absence of all that one usually sees in traveling through the United States, that, even without the incentive of a glorious lake and ideal camping-grounds at the end, a journey to Walker repays one for the time spent.

As you leave Brainerd from the Brainerd and Northern Minnesota depot, you at once enter what was but two years ago a *terra incognita* to all save the hunters, timber explorers and Indians. The Mississippi River, which is here filled with logs from the northern forests, is crossed, and then mile after mile of pines, with glimpses of sunny lakes that never have been rippled by aught save the wind and the canoe, speed by; while the vista extends occasionally to embrace a view of a settler's log cabin, or a timid deer may be seen, fleeing with the swiftness of the wind. Never is the landscape without its glimpse of water and its fields of wild rice, where the fat mallards are now rearing their young—making one long for the crisp

autumn days, when "the law is out." In fact, it is a panorama of sixty miles of silver lakes, winding streams, green meadows, stately pines, birch openings, and hillocks crowned with hardwood timber. Logging-camps with their rude log cabins are passed; strong, brawny men enter and leave the car, and snatches of talk about "the cut" are heard.

The train goes along swiftly, very different from one's preconceived notion of a logging-road. Presently we swing to the right, and the broad expanse of Leech Lake comes into view! Oh, how beautiful! Miles of shimmering water lie spread before us to where, in the dim distance, the forest meets the shores of sand. Point after point is passed, crowned with many shades of green, the lighter foliage of poplar and birch accentuated by the magnificent pines that tower above, veritable sentinels of the forest.

"This is the forest primeval; the murmuring pines
and the hemlocks
Stand like Druids of old,"

while through an opening in the trees one looks across the lake and catches a brief sight of the Indian village on Leech Lake Reservation.

Walker is the present terminus of this line; but only for the railroad; for all that has been seen is but a foretaste of that which is to come. This little town, the new county seat of the new county of Cass, with its immense tributary territory and its undeveloped resources, lying on the shore of a lake whose charms must be seen to be appreciated, is bound to be one of the most important towns in Northern Minnesota. Four billion feet of timber, as yet untouched; hardwood in abundance for manufacturing purposes; a good waterfall for milling purposes; a natural sanitarium for pulmonary and catarrhal diseases, and hunting and fishing such as the Indians used to know,

are a few of the things that place Walker far along the road toward prosperity. The Indian reservation and the Government dam; the mineral springs and Leech Lake with its forty miles of length and five hundred miles of shore-line, and the one hundred and seventy-five lakes in a radius of fifteen miles, all easily reached by boat or steamer, are only mentioned at random as a few of the many summer attractions in this locality.

One of the principal charms of the vicinity, even for those who have been there longest, is that there will always be quiet nooks and unexplored streams which they have not seen or where they have not fished. The great attraction to most people, however, is the Indian village five miles from Walker and across a beautiful bay. There is no place in the State where one sees the two extremes—civilization and the absence of civilization—so near together. Here is a modern town springing up with all the improvements of civilization, while just across the arm of the lake is seen the red man in the wildest condition to be found in the northwest.

There are about thirteen hundred Indians on the Leech Lake Reservation; and at Bear Island, in the middle of the lake, they are found in their most natural conditions. At the Agency, as one lands from the stream one sees, here a "buck" Indian—in purple shirt and blue jean trousers, a red blanket rudely draped on his shoulder—stalking disdainfully away; while yonder may be squaws gazing at the party, curious as the whiter race—papooses being slung in gay shawls on their backs, and children innumerable swarming in all directions.

The houses are placed with as little regard to regularity as though blown there by a strong wind. A few Indian graves, with their queer wooden coverings; a bark wigwam or two; the little church and the Agency buildings; the beautiful Honiton lace that that devoted little woman, Miss Colby, devotes her life to teaching the Indian women to make; a visit to some of the rude interiors, where papooses, bound tightly to boards, lie helpless, and all the implements of the chase are mingled with the few household utensils, are among the interesting things to be seen in this still primitive community. In every way, a visit to the Leech Lake country will be satisfying. Recollections of the days spent there will be a source of pleasure to yourself, and the pictures you will take with your kodak will be but a reminder of thousands of interesting incidents with which to entertain your friends on your return to your homes.

M. A. H.



LEECH LAKE "SNAP SHOTS."

THEN AND NOW.

For hundreds of miles the Northern Pacific has been running due northwest over the prairies, bright with the color and beauty peculiar to them in the sunny, brilliant summer of the West. With a shriek, vigorous puffing and panting after its long race, and the clanging of bells announcing our arrival, we draw up at Grand Forks, one of the most energetic and prosperous of North Dakota towns. There is no fairer scene of prairie landscape than this young city situated in one of the curves for which the Red River of the North is remarkable. With its hundreds of cottage homes and its dwellings of more pretention and elegance; with its fine schools, mills, bridges and its handsome business blocks and public buildings, it presents that phenomenon of progress, so common in this, the finest wheat-growing section of America, of a small, frontier hamlet developing as if by magic into a substantial city, with all the enterprise which such a change represents. With the Red Lake River running from its source in the pine forests of Minnesota, here joining the green, turbid waters of the Red, both heavily wooded with oak, elm, box-elder, cottonwood and other growths on their high banks, between which ply the flat-bottomed river boats, the scene is varied with the beauty that only wood and water can give.

I am on my way from New York to the Canadian Northwest, and my old friend, Jack Wilnot, has announced his intention of "holding up" my train and capturing me here for a week. Jack is one of the coming men of the town, and I half suspect that, though his affection for me is honest and sincere, he expects no small gratification in showing me his "Bonanza" farm, beautiful home and other evidences of his prosperity since the days when we two went to school together in the little brown schoolhouse among the Vermont hills—climbing, fishing and bird-nesting through the long, sweet summer days of boyhood, when we cut the same girl's name on the hickory-trees and dreamed of the fine things we would do when we were men.

It is twenty years since we had last met, and then only for a hand-shake in the large dry-goods house of which I am now a partner. He was on his way to the Northwest, "to try his luck," as he expressed it. I remember a good deal of the rustic "Green Mountain boy" about him, which my few years in the big city had brushed off, and it is somewhat of a shock when a well-dressed man with an unmistakable well-to-do, successful air, slaps me on the shoulder and then grasps my hand and says, in a breezy, hearty, Western way, "Well, Tom, old fellow, I'm glad to see you! Welcome to our Great Northwest!" and then, handing me into a smart carriage, we drive off and are soon in a comfortable and elegant drawing-room, with a sweet pair of dark-brown eyes smiling as he says, proudly, "Tom, this is my wife."

After dinner, such as a long railway journey can make one fully appreciate, we two sit on the wide veranda, in the mellow moonlight shining on the river and the waving fields of grain, talking of old times, asking after mutual friends, and calling up memories and incidents of long ago—some amusing and some gay or sad, as a retrospect of twenty years cannot fail to be. Suddenly I ask:

"Whatever became of Will Grant? It seems to

me he came West about the same time you did, and I often wonder what has become of him."

"Ah!" he replied, with a sigh. "Poor Will! It is a tale soon told. It was in '76, you see, and the whole Territory was excited over the reports of gold in the Black Hills 'from the grass roots down,' as General Custer said. The gold fever seemed to have smitten this place, then a small settlement of about two hundred inhabitants. It certainly seemed a fever with us. We would sit around the fire in our shacks talking of it until our pulses beat fast and our cheeks flushed with excitement. We would lie awake at night thinking of it until, sometimes, the day would break over the river; then, perhaps, we would fall into restless slumbers—full of golden visions. At last the restlessness increased to such a pitch that our daily toil seemed too slow and impossible, with the unquiet spirit of adventure with which we were all possessed, and a party of twelve, of which Will and I were members, determined to brave hostile Indians, Government interference and other dangers, and start for this El Dorado of our hopes.

"It was in February—a clear, cold day, with a biting north wind blowing—that we turned our backs on the settlement here and started for the southwestern corner of the Territory, where this peculiar group of hills lie. Following the Red to where it is joined by the Goose River, forty miles from here, we rode in rough sleighs filled with buffalo-skins and provisions of 'pemmican' and such food as was carried in long journeys over the plains in those days. Day after day we traveled, with no thought of going back,—talking, thinking and dreaming of nothing save the nuggets of gold in the rocky hills, to which our faces were turned. Striking west, we at last sighted the banks and round bluffs of the Missouri. It was impossible to follow any trail on the leagues of untrodden snow, but, guided only by the sun and stars, we kept on. We crossed the frozen river and the broken country beyond, camping each night, and feeling that we were one day's journey nearer what we sought.

"At last, away on the horizon, in curving outlines, appeared the foothills and the rounded crests of the place of our toilsome search. A cheer went up at the sight, and cold, weariness and exposure were forgotten. It was just at sundown, and the sleds and tired animals were soon formed into a circle and the camp for the night was arranged. Will and I sat talking until a late hour, making such wild plans of fortune and happiness as only two boys on such an adventure could make. He was naturally a quiet lad, as you remember. I had often wondered why he had come out to so rough and wild a life as ours was in those days. I can see him now, his dark eyes glowing in the starlight, as he told me of the dear little sister, three years his junior, away back among the New England mountains, and how she loved him and clung, crying, around his neck when he kissed her good-bye and went to work for a home for her as well as for himself in the new land of promise. With his scarred, mittened hands he wiped away a tear as he spoke of going home with the yellow gold, to take her from the drudging farm-life on the stony hillside and to put books in the small hands, so roughened with hard work. He even spoke of the pretty dresses he would buy, and of the color of the bright ribbons he would get for the soft, brown curls of his sister—his sweet sister Rose. He could scarcely wait for the morning, so eager was he to start for that dark, curving line on the southwest sky.

"But sleep came to the restless boy, at last, and for a time I was alone with my own thoughts. I lay there looking up at the stars and over the

wide, white plain, when my eyes were caught and held by some dark forms moving over the snow. Almost before I could rouse my comrades, the band swooped down and the fight was on. The wild whoops of the Indians mingled with the crack of firearms and the shouts of our own men. Our circular camp was our only salvation. From it we saw twice our number of dusky forms fall silently to the earth. At last, thinking, probably, that we outnumbered them, they turned and rode away in the cold, dark midnight.

"Exhausted, and slightly wounded, I looked around for Will. I called, but the darkness returned no answer. With a sickening fear I groped around, and there my poor old chum, my almost brother, I may say, lay—a cruel wound in his throat, and the snow warm and crimson with his life-blood! Opening his eyes for one fleeting moment, he whispered to me:

"Tell Rose."

"Sorrowed and speechless, we gathered round and tenderly laid him down. The brown eyes, so lately full of hope and life, were closed forever. They would never see yellow gold more.

"Through blinding tears we dug his grave on the cold, snowy plain, in sight of the hills the poor boy had so longed to reach. By the light of the swinging lantern, and at the side of the open grave, I read the burial service.

"In the gray, lonely dawn, we left him—the stake at his head bearing his name and his tender age—eighteen. The rising sun, shining on the peaks and bluffs, seemed to mock the hopes of the dead brother and the watching eyes of the loved and loving sister. She would look in vain for him who could never come back to her from the Western prairies—to greet her where she waited so patiently among the blue hills of New England.

"Well, the years went by. I had no idea what the sister's address was, as the folks she lived with had not been very kind to her, and he had not said much about them; but I never could get rid of the thought that I must find her out and tell her what I knew. At the end of five years, you must know, I found that luck had favored me in the 'hills.' I had done well. Before settling down here to farm life, however, I felt a longing to take a look at the old place, and, if possible, to find Rose Grant and tell her what I knew. So I traveled back,—you remember it was the year you were abroad on business for your house,—and, strange to say, from a chance remark of a friend I was enabled to trace her, in less than a month, to a little out-of-the-way farmhouse, where she was waiting on summer boarders who were attracted to the locality on account of its restful quiet and great natural beauty. I found the girl lonely, patient, and loving; and, Tom, poor Will had his wish. I took her from all that drudging and poverty. The sweet, gracious woman who poured out our tea this evening, is Will's little sister Rose."

MARY W. ALLOWAY.

MONTANA'S STATE HERBARIUM.—There is great activity just now in collecting botanical specimens for the herbarium of the University of Montana. The Missoula *Missoulian* of that State says that "the hills are being searched several times weekly for new plants, and every trip is rewarded by some new discovery. The collections this spring, exclusive of trees, now number almost eighty species; and as about fifty plants of each specie are collected and dried, this means much work and many specimens. It is expected to keep the work up all summer. Should this be done, the collection will run up in numbers very fast. This section of the State should yield 1,200 to 1,400 species of plants." The herbarium now contains, including donations, some 3,000 species.



A Strong Financial Center.

The Toronto (Can.) *Western World* says that the growing importance of Winnipeg as the financial and general business center of Western Canada is emphasized by the fact that the Dominion Bank, whose capital is \$1,500,000 with a reserve of the same amount, and whose stock is the third highest in value of all the chartered banks in Canada, has opened a branch there. This makes eleven chartered banks doing business in Winnipeg, their aggregate paid-up capital being \$39,080,266, and their accumulated reserve fund \$17,744,333.

The German Baptists of Idaho.

Although there has been a very large movement of German Baptists—more commonly known as Dunkards—to North Dakota during the last few years, it must not be supposed that this is the only section of the country to which that desirable class of agriculturists are moving. Many of them have gone farther west, and the following letter from Brother Geo. W. Thomas, formerly of Ames, Iowa, to THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE, shows how well he is suited with his location on the old Nez Perce Reservation in Idaho. Others are settled at Moscow, Idaho, and some at Centralia and other points in Washington, and there is every indication that the next year or two will find a great many more moving towards the Pacific slope and there engaging in fruit-raising as well as in diversified farming. Dating his letter from the new town of Nez Perce, Brother Thomas writes:

"Please allow me to call attention to this place through your columns. The many good people in the East whose eyes are turning to the Pacific slope cannot do a better thing than spend a few days investigating here.

"Idaho was admitted to the Union July 3d, 1895. But an infant in age, she is a giant in the matter of wealth, great resources and natural advantages. She has the finest climate in the world, where the Japan current and the chinook winds do their work to perfect on. Oh, ye tired ones! come here to rest. Ye invalids! come and get well.

"The State has an area of nearly 80,000 square miles, embracing beautiful mountains, lovely valleys and table-land, grand and mighty rivers, and the cleanest, coolest and most inviting lakes to be found anywhere. Friends, you will find nothing monotonous here. Idaho holds out in their fulness the five great industries of the people of our nationality, namely, grain-and-stock-raising, mining, fruit-growing, and lumbering. Fifty bushels per acre is no uncommon yield of wheat. All the small grains, tame grasses and garden vegetables grow here in all their glory. Idaho fruits are noted for their flavor and keeping qualities. Apples, cherries, pears, prunes, peaches, plums, apricots, nectarines, grapes, and all the best of small fruits and berries, grow here in wonderful profusion. I have two pear-trees, set out in the prairie sod in the spring of 1896, that were full of bloom in the spring of 1897. We are proud of our fruit record.

"There is no finer timber on earth than ours—pine, fir, cedar, spruce, etc., indigenous to the country—the finest of the fine. Saw-mills all around us are selling lumber—the best of lumber—for six to seven dollars per thousand.

"And the mines of Idaho are attracting much attention. Every mountain is veined more or less with the precious stuff, and every sand-bar by the stream has gold and precious metal. We have twelve different kinds of precious metals, besides building stone, granite and marble. In 1895 our mines put out \$18,000,000 worth of material.

"We are located in the famous Nez Perce Indian Reservation, fifty miles east of Lewiston, Idaho. This land, the garden spot of the State, was opened to white settlers under the Homestead Act November 18th, 1895. It is about seventy miles long and about forty in width, is well watered, has plenty of timber, and has the same deep, rich soil characteristic of Northern Iowa. The land was all claimed inside of sixty days from the time of opening; but now, after a lapse of eighteen months, claims can be bought for \$300.00 to \$700.00, according to their proximity to town, etc.

"I am fifty-two years old, a native of Pennsylvania, and have lived in Illinois, Iowa and Kansas. I moved here in March, 1896, with my family. Our fondest hopes have been realized, our brightest anticipations met. Society reaches a high standard in morals, culture and refinement, educational advantages are equal to the best, and the churches are well to the front. We conscientiously invite, and do earnestly solicit, attention to our place. We have never been advertised or boomed, and don't need nor want it. We only ask investigation. I hazard nothing in saying that opportunities are as good

are in much better condition than they were at this time last year. The output by districts, both for grain and fruit, will vary from small to fair and extra heavy. It does not look now as if the production would be so great as to result in a depression of prices; on the contrary, farmers and fruit-growers in the States named may reasonably expect to realize fair values on all lines of produce.

Colonists for Oregon.

A correspondent states that M. A. Lang and Dr. A. F. Henz, of Minneapolis, representatives of the St. Michael's Colony Company, of that city, have closed a deal with Jefferson Myers, of Scio, for the purchase of 2,470 acres of land three miles southeast of Scio, for the purpose of locating a colony of 140 families. The price paid for the land was \$35,000. The colony is composed of industrious German families of means, from Minnesota, Wisconsin, Nebraska and Indiana. They will come to Oregon this fall and next spring. The land was selected because of its fitness for raising fruit, hops, gardening and dairying. The colonists expect to build a saw-mill and a grist-mill, and make their community self-supporting. The land will be divided up into small tracts, each family being allowed what it can till. The promoters of this colony enterprise say that hundreds of home-seekers will leave within the next year for Oregon.

New Mining Laws for Minnesota.

Fred J. Bowman, editor of the *Rainy Lake (Minn.) Journal*, says that the gold country on the Canadian side of the boundary in Ontario is literally filled with prospectors hunting for the precious metals, while on the American side practically nothing is being done. The mineral formation on the American side, he says, is just as good as on the Canadian, and the only reason that it is being neglected is because American laws do not offer prospectors the protection afforded by Canada. This condition will continue until the Federal mining laws are made to apply to the northern part of Minnesota.

Speaking of the likelihood of Congress taking the desired action for the relief of American gold-hunters, Mr. Bowman says that he has been informed by close political friends of Page Morris that he would introduce and urge the passage of a bill, at the regular session of Congress next winter, extending the mining laws to the Rainy Lake District, and that there is no doubt of its passage. Until this is done, Mr. Bowman believes that there can be no extensive development on the American side.

Work on the Crane Lake road from the dam at the foot of Lake Vermilion to Crane Lake is progressing finely, and it has already shortened the trip over the long portage materially. The southern ten miles of road is in splendid condition, being smooth and hard, but on the northern seventeen miles there are still many bad places, which make progress over it not only slow, but exceedingly uncomfortable. Mr. Bowman still insists that a railroad must soon be built to Rainy Lake to give direct communication with Duluth, which is the natural trading point for the entire country. The Canadians are not slow to appreciate the importance of it, for that Government has made an appropriation of over \$9,000 a mile for a line to be built from Port Arthur to Fort Frances. Work on this line will be commenced this month.

Beginning of Better Times.

Chehalis County is today entering upon a new era of development. The great periodical series of "hard times" years is rapidly passing away.



A REPRESENTATIVE DUNKARD FAMILY.

here today as they were in Iowa forty years ago. We certainly have all the elements of a great commonwealth; all that is wanting is development."

July Crop Conditions.

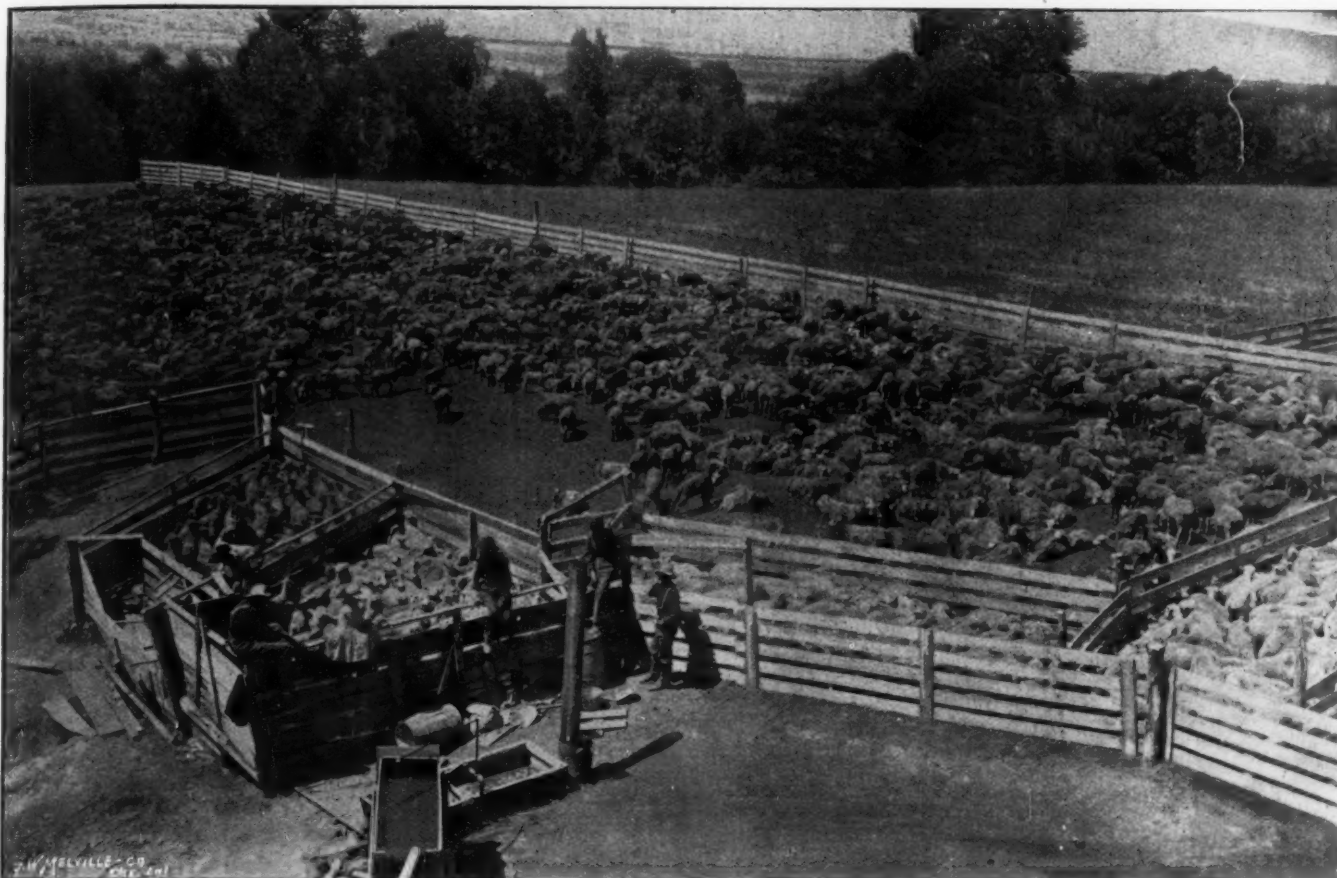
According to reports from the stations along the Northern Pacific, Great Northern and other railways, favorable crop conditions exist everywhere throughout the Northwest. While it is somewhat early to make predictions, there are good indications of very satisfactory harvest yields in nearly all sections, and of large yields in many grain districts.

In Minnesota and the Dakotas at least average crops are anticipated, and rapid growths seem to promise an early harvest.

Manitoba prospects are also fair, all the reports being favorable.

In Montana, the grain and fruit outlook is very encouraging, although the Bitter Root Valley yield will probably be light, on account of lack of moisture.

In Idaho, Washington and Oregon the crops



EASTERN OREGON—A SCENE ON A SHEEP RANCH, NEAR PENDLETON.

The next five years will see another expansive period of credit, and, of all the States in the Union, Washington will get the greatest share.

The fact that the fine forests of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan are so rapidly passing away is causing capital to look for other supplies. The only other great body of timber is that on the Pacific Coast, and of the Pacific Coast States, Washington has the largest supply.

In the State of Washington it has been estimated that there is fully 300,000,000 feet of standing timber. This is believed too large by every timber cruiser. Of this estimate of 300,000,000,000, Chehalis County is credited with the enormous sum of 30,000,000,000, or one-tenth of the whole amount. This, like the first estimate, is perhaps too large. But of all the counties of the State, Chehalis has far the greatest amount of standing timber, and this timber is not unavailable. Right in the middle of the county, on its Western side, is situated Grays Harbor, one of the finest natural harbors on the Pacific Coast. On this harbor, which is sending an average of twenty vessels per month, carrying 8,000,000 feet of lumber to the markets of the world, the General Government has begun the expenditure of \$1,000,000 on a jetty, which, when completed, will carry sufficient water to float any vessel built.—*Hoquiam Washingtonian*.

Emigrants Getting Numerous.

It is getting to be a daily occurrence to see strings of covered wagons traveling to towns in the James River Valley. Seven outfits of South Dakota Germans, in wagons, went through the city recently for Wells County, to take Northern Pacific and Government land. The emigrants had lived in South Dakota near Yankton for twenty years, but wanted more and better land and so came into North Dakota. They

are hardy, self-supporting people, accustomed to the northern climate, and will be an acquisition to the county where they settle. They stated that some thirty-odd families in addition are expected to follow soon. There were over twenty persons in the caravan. Chickens, young stock, dogs and children were mixed up with all kinds of household utensils.—*Jamestown Alert*.

Immigration Is Coming.

The emigrant wagons which pass through the city every day, bound eastward, are an index of the rapid manner in which the reservation lands are settling up. A recent trip out on the Foston line showed them scattered along the route, tents pitched and stock corralled for the night. The parties are in most instances families, although it is frequently noticed that the wagons are accompanied only by men and boys, in care of the stock, while the women are sent as far as possible by rail. A noticeable feature of these immigrants is that they are bringing in stock and poultry. These are essential to the welfare of the new-comer in any country, and are evidence that those who come are to be classed as desirable settlers. The country is full of good land waiting for the hoe-tickling process which these people will give it in order to make it laugh with a harvest. Let them come and welcome.—*Crookston (Minn.) Times*.

Montana's Fruit Growth.

The *Montana Fruit-Grower*, published at Missoula, Mont., says that the remarkable strides which have been made in the orchard business in Montana in the last few years is almost phenomenal. A short time ago it was supposed that such a thing as orcharding for profit was out of the question, and that Montana would never be a success as a fruit country. Men who planted large numbers of trees were looked upon

as dreamers and were informed by the "wise" that they would "go broke" upon their pet schemes. Today all this is changed, and those who had the foresight to plant and cultivate the apple, pear, peach and plum, are reaping a just reward. They can look about amidst the buds and blossoms of their trees and take comfort in the fact that "he who laughs last, laughs best." Fruit-growing in Montana is no longer an experiment. It is a well-established business—recognized as playing an important part in the State's commercial affairs.

Dairying in Northern Minnesota.

The development of dairy interests in the State has proven that the prosecution of this industry is not to be confined to the corn belt; experiments have shown that successful dairying and cheese-making may be prosecuted throughout the Red River Valley.

"We have here the finest hay meadows in the world," says the *Crookston (Minn.) Times*, "and the cost of securing sufficient for the purpose of feeding stock throughout the long winter is far below that of raising tame hay farther south. The cheap feed to be had here in the coarse cereals, oats and barley, make up for the lack of ability to raise corn, and, when ground, produces results that are not second to that grain. The experience already gained is such as warrants a fuller investigation of the subject of dairying as an element of successful agriculture."

The *Times* has abundant evidence of the fact that dairying is already a pronounced success in Northern Minnesota. Not in one only, but in a number of northern counties are creameries and cheese factories that have been operated successfully for some time, and other enterprises of a similar nature are being established right along. Let the good work go on.



Pacific Coast Women.

The world owes no light tribute of respect to the little army of Pacific Coast women whose refined thoughts have drifted, through books and magazines, into other natures and made them better and more appreciative. One of these women is Carrie Shaw Rice, of Tacoma, Wash., whose portrait appears on this page. She is the author of a volume of poems entitled "In Childland Straying," a book which has had a large sale. Several of her poems have found their way into the school readers. She has contributed to many of the leading American periodicals, and has been the recipient of complimentary notices from the English press. One of her sweetest poems, "A Song of Spring in the Wildwood," was published in the May number of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE. Last February Governor Rogers appointed her as a member of the Washington State Board of Education, she being the first woman ever appointed to that position in this State. She is also critic teacher in the Tacoma Normal and Training School, and has for many years been prominently identified with the growth of educational interests in the Pacific Northwest.

Veils and Vision.

Dr. Casey A. Wood, an American specialist, says that it is within the experience of every ophthalmologist that the wearing of veils produces weak eyesight, headaches, and sometimes vertigo and nausea. Not only are these effects produced by the eye strain consequent upon the increased efforts made by one or both eyes to see through or around an obstruction, but the irregular figuring on the veil itself is in some instances an annoyance to the wearer. Doctor Wood had a dozen typical specimens of veils selected for him, and made a number of experiments with them to determine the extent to which veils of various kinds affected the eyesight. He sums up his results as follows: 1. Every description of veil affects more or less the ability to see distinctly, both at a distance and near at hand. 2. The most objectional kind is the dotted veil, although the influence for evil of this variety is more marked in some samples than in others. 3. Other things being equal, in undotted and non-figured veils vision is interfered with in direct proportion to the number of meshes to the square inch. 4. The

texture of the veil plays an important part in the amount and kind of eye strain produced by the veil. When the sides of the mesh are single compact threads, the eye is embarrassed very much less in its effort to distinguish objects than when double threads are employed. 5. The least objectional veil is that without dots, sprays, or other figures, but with large, regular meshes made with single compact threads.

The Air of Bedrooms.

When there is too much water in the atmosphere, the person who breathes it is to a certain extent deprived of his due supply of oxygen, and an elementary beginning of suffocation is perceived in his chest. Most middle-aged and all old persons have felt this; and all persons, also, who have weak hearts or impaired lungs. Now, the air of bedrooms is exceedingly liable to be overcharged with watery vapor. The most obvious reasons for this are that many bedrooms are never warmed with fires, and that their windows are often left open

with a voice whose authority not even the most learned will question.—Hospital.

Laundering Shirt-Waists.

This is the time of year when women find the shirt-waist question of paramount importance. A woman may have but one or two dressy skirts, but of light, airy, attractive shirt-waists she will have several. The Philadelphia Times says:

"The shirt-waist is inexpensive enough and it is within the reach of every woman to have a variety of them, so that she may present a tidy, comfortable and agreeable appearance even in the hottest days. It is difficult to get them properly washed and ironed, yet the process is simple enough. Careful attention to a few details will result in making the shirt as fresh and attractive as ever. If there are any unwashable buttons or trimmings, remove them and throw the shirt into clear cold water for an hour. If you are afraid of the color running, add a handful of salt.

"After washing in warm suds and drying it, make your starch by dissolving a tablespoon of dry starch in a quart of water. Thick cambric blouses should only be starched at the collar and cuffs and down the front hem. To the starch should be added half a teaspoon of gum arabic dissolved in water with a little borax. Wring the shirt dry out of the rinsing water and hold it by the back of the neck. Gather up collar, cuffs and front hem and work in the starch, after which wring these parts in a towel and rub thoroughly; roll up tightly and leave them for half an hour, at the end of which they are ready for ironing. In the case of gingham or any half-transparent material, dip the entire shirt into



CARRIE SHAW RICE, OF TACOMA, WASHINGTON, AUTHOR OF "IN CHILDLAND STRAYING."

all day until dusk, and sometimes even to the very hour of going to bed. Let us think of some of the consequences of going to bed in very damp air. A delicate or an aged person leaves a warm drawing-room, say at half-past eleven, a drawing-room in which there was a temperature of 68°; he enters a cold, damp bedroom, say at a temperature of 38°. The air in the drawing-room was dry, perhaps a little too dry. The air in the bedroom is saturated with cold, watery vapor. The person we are thinking of, so soon as he enters the bedroom, chokes and gasps and coughs for half an hour at least, and sometimes brings on such an attack of asthma, or, as he calls it, "stuffiness" of the chest, that he can hardly breathe at all. He may even lose his night's sleep, and be ill for some days after such an exposure. Now, common sense says, "Make an effort to bring the atmosphere of the bedroom nearer, in point both of dryness and warmth, to the atmosphere of the drawing-room; and then not only will a man feel as comfortable in the bedroom as in the drawing-room, but even more comfortable. He will neither gasp, nor choke, nor cough, but will go to sleep with ease and comfort." Common sense teaches some people all this. But to those who have no special regard for common sense, Science tells the same tale, and she speaks

hot starch and wring it between a towel. Two tablespoons of raw starch into a quart of boiling water, with a dash of gum arabic, form the proper thickness. Use the starch as hot as possible, and when the shirt is wrung dry, clasp it between the hands until it is thoroughly cleared of the starch. It must then be ironed as quickly as possible.

"Select the oldest, smoothest and cleanest iron you can find, polish it well with a wax cloth, and test the heat of it with a piece of white paper before beginning to iron. First the yoke, then the collar, inside and outside, then the back, front, and, last of all, the sleeves and cuffs. A shirt-board and a sleeve-board are very helpful, and, indeed, the latter is a necessity. It should be half an inch thick, five inches wide and graduated so that it may fit any sleeve. This should be covered all over with flannel and again covered with white muslin, sewed on firmly. When the sleeve is ironed, stroke the gathers with the fingers and again smooth the collar and cuffs and hang the shirt up to dry. If these directions are followed, the shirt will look as well as if sent to an expensive laundress, and many women who have hitherto dreaded the very thought of washing and ironing their waists will be able to wear them in peace and to laundry them with pleasure."

A GLIMPSE OF HOTEL LIFE IN WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.

The experienced landlord of one of the old-time popular summer hotels on Put-in-Bay Island, Lake Erie, a fashionable resort about forty miles from Toledo, Ohio, once made the statement to a group of newspaper men that the great secret of running a hotel successfully lay in making it just as much like a big home as possible. It must be that C. F. Bunnell, the proprietor of the Clarendon Hotel at Winnipeg, Manitoba, graduated from the same kind of school, for his magnificent house is conducted on exactly the same principle and is in receipt of the same generous patronage.

The Clarendon Hotel, illustrations of which accompany this article, has accommodations for 300 guests and is unquestionably the best-equipped house in Western Canada. It is practically fire-proof, is heated by steam, and has both gas and electric lights. The ventilation is thorough and the interior arrangements as convenient as they are modern and elegant. This is first seen upon entering the spacious rotunda. It is 40x120 feet in dimensions and provided with everything that can minister to the pleasure and comfort of guests. The reading and writing-room is 20x30 feet in size. There is a large billiard room, a fine barroom with ample refrigerator facilities, and a perfectly equipped barber-shop with bath-rooms in connection. One can luxuriate in any kind of bath, whether it be plain, plunge, shower, swimming, or those rarer luxuries known as Russian and Turkish baths. Hair-dressing rooms for ladies are in evidence, also.

Adjoining the entrance hall is the hotel library, replete with entertaining literature, and a step further will bring one to a first-class drug-store. There is a large committee-room, separate cafe and lunch-rooms, and all other accessories to a large and thoroughly modern hotel.

A good deal of character distinguishes the dining-room. It is 36x60 feet in dimensions and can easily accommodate 200 guests at a sitting. The service is complete and elegant—from the monogram silverware to the spotless linen and fine china. It is a model dining-room in all respects. Mr. Bunnell looks after it in person. It is the one thing that engages his particular attention. Parties may dine *en famille* if they so desire. Trained waiters attend deftly to every want, and the bill of fare includes all seasonable solids and ap-

petizing delicacies. The tables and other furnishings are so arranged that a social atmosphere pervades the room, rather than the customary air of stiff formality. One might travel a long way without finding so perfect a dining-room as that which graces the Clarendon of Winnipeg.

The entire building is equally well equipped. Broad hallways, carpeted with velvet-pile, traverse the upper floors and are aids to ventilation as well as distinctive features of this well-constructed house. On these floors are rooms, single or *en suite*, adapted to every requirement. One can engage comfortable single apartments at a modest price, or be accommodated with elegant parlors and drawing-rooms that are supplied with pianos, baths, closets and all desirable conveniences. For the Clarendon is cosmopolitan in this respect. It is not a respecter of purses, but it



ROTUNDA OF THE CLARENDON HOTEL, WINNIPEG.



THE CLARENDON HOTEL, WINNIPEG.

does undertake to cater to every reasonable need. There are very finely-furnished single rooms and comfortably-furnished single rooms; there are double rooms and there are suites of rooms;—one can take his choice and pay accordingly, and he will get full value for his money. A general bath-room will be found on every floor, each carefully attended. The service rendered by the hotel staff on these floors and throughout the entire house is exceptionally good. The promptness and neatness of the attendants are noticeable. Civility is the rule. They are trained to do their work well. Every room is markedly clean. There is no lack of furniture and chamber conveniences. Every room is kept well supplied with toilet necessities, and the general lavatories on each floor are conspicuously neat and well conducted.

It is evident that the house is under very observant management and that the man-

ager has competent assistants. Only a thoroughly competent housekeeper could maintain the perfect order and cleanliness that everywhere prevail in this big hostelry. It is this, doubtless, that has given the Clarendon so wide a reputation—a reputation that extends to "the States" as well as to the most remote Canadian points. Winnipeg is an important business center in an important geographical division of this continent. Thousands of Americans go there annually, and Americans, as a rule, like to put up at good hotels. Among such people the reputation of the Clarendon counts for a good deal, and there is little wonder that its patronage is continually on the increase.

It has already been stated that this hotel is practically fire-proof, but no mention has yet been made of the fire-escapes that are at each corner of the building, nor of the fact that there is not a dark room in the whole structure. Among the conveniences, too, which stamp the house as thoroughly modern, are electric call-bells and a perfect elevator service. Power for heat, electric lights and the elevator is supplied by a large plant that is located in the basement. A 340-horse-power engine supplies heat and light, and a 600-light dynamo of fifteen-horse-power is used to operate the elevator, steam laundry, etc. Two steam pumps provide pure and cold water for the house from large, flowing wells that are 120 feet deep. In the basement, also, are the wine-vaults; for the house and its finely appointed barroom are both stocked with the choicest wines, cordials and liquors that the best markets of the world afford.

Commercial travelers will discover that Mr. Bunnell understands their needs and has made all possible provisions for them. The hotel rates are from \$1.50 per day upwards, and they will have commodious sample-rooms as well as good meals and well-ventilated and nicely furnished sleeping apartments. Under this roof are all those comforts, conveniences and pleasures which guests like to find within reach—from the first-class tonsorial rooms to the cozy billiard hall and the attractive bar. Nothing is lacking. Once there, a traveler is at home. He glances at the decorated walls of the homelike rotunda, casts an appreciative eye at the antlered heads of deer, moose and elk with which they are relieved, sinks back in his comfortable chair, and thinks that there is at least one hotel on earth in which mortal man can sojourn contentedly.



DINING-ROOM IN THE CLARENDON HOTEL, WINNIPEG.



"THE SPALDING," DULUTH, MINN.

AT THE HEAD OF THE LAKES.

St. Paul and Minneapolis, Omaha and Council Bluffs, Duluth and Superior, named in the order of their birth,—these are the triple Gemini that adorn the western half of the brilliant zodiac of cities that circle the United States.

To Minnesota has been given the proud distinction of bringing forth such lusty children as St. Paul and Minneapolis since her union with Uncle Sam. The phenomenal growth of the twins on the broad Mississippi must always redound to the honor and glory of our fair mother State; but what added laurels she deserves when she, with her sister, Wisconsin, challenges the world to produce cities, with youth still theirs and the world at their command, to compare with Duluth and Superior.

With each of the twins the physical and natural conditions are the same. St. Paul, on its picturesque heights overlooking the noble river that flows two thousand miles southward; Minneapolis, spreading in orderly squares over miles of level territory; Council Bluffs, on rugged elevations that rise—literally "bluffs"—

from the wide reach of the Missouri's waters; Omaha, on the opposite shore, level, with all Nebraska lying to the west; Duluth, rising in terraces from the natural harbor and broad stretch of the inland sea; Superior, facing its namesake, Lake Superior, separated by a narrow strait from its commanding twin, and, like the others mentioned, gradeless. But the business conditions in Duluth and Superior are similar, and when the new steel drawbridge—the third largest of its kind in the world and now nearing completion—shall be finished, the social and commercial interests of the two cities will be consolidated. A summary of the resources that Duluth-Superior have at their command must of necessity be brief.

First, location: It is unsurpassed in the world. I say this advisedly. For where will you find another inland seaport 1,500 miles from an ocean? Duluth-Superior are to all intents and purposes an ocean port, as only a few years will elapse before the twenty-foot channel to Buffalo, now completed, will be extended to the

ocean and ships from Liverpool and other European ports will be seen at the docks at the head of Lake Superior, loading for their long transatlantic trip and laden with the products of American industries that are tributary to these interior cities.

Second, resources: Need I more than enumerate them? The largest iron ranges in the world lie not fifty miles away, containing unlimited quantities of high-grade Bessemer ore.

Gold: The wonderful Rainy Lake and Seine River gold-fields, which are in the flush of discovery and development, are directly tributary to these cities and must look to them as the supply points for machinery, food, and all other necessities.

Copper: Extensive explorations for this valuable metal are being carried on almost within the city limits, with a fair chance of success.

Wheat and flour: The first receipts of wheat at Duluth was in 1871—666,783 bushels. In 1896 the receipts amounted to 58,222,116 bushels, these figures not including other grains. Comment is unnecessary. The cities are milling centers as well, being the second in importance. One of the largest mills in the world, with a capacity of eight thousand barrels a day, is here.

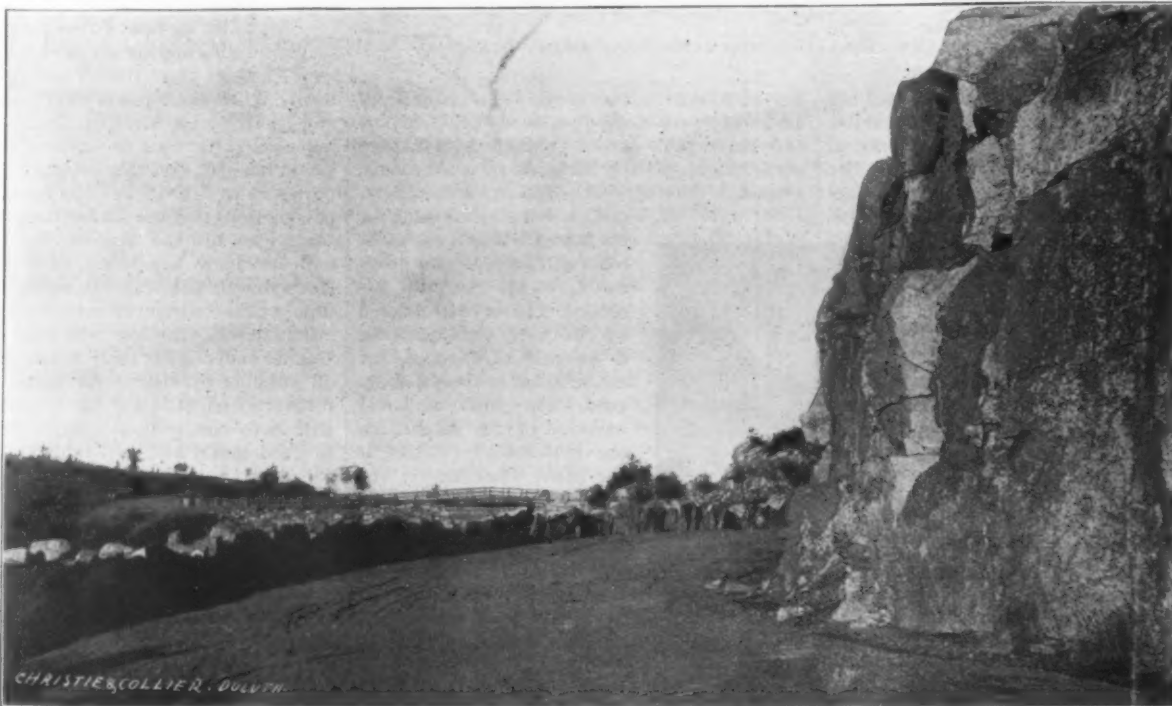
Coal: Could there be a better distributing point anywhere than here—owing to the cheap transportation by water from the coal-fields of Pennsylvania and Ohio?—the facilities for handling which are hardly equaled anywhere.

Lumber: Billions of feet of timber awaiting the ax are contiguous to Duluth-Superior. Practically a greater part of the white pine east of the Rockies is tributary to Duluth.

Jobbing: Nearly all lines of merchandise are represented. The facilities for unloading goods cheaply direct from vessels to warehouses, and to the cars of eight different railways, will undoubtedly make this location a very attractive one for jobbers.

Ship-building: The whalebacks are the outcome of the inventive genius and prolonged study of the needs of lake traffic on the part of a Duluth man who planned, built and succeeded in his enterprise.

Water-power: Nature has contributed largely in making wonderful possibilities for the pro-



"TERRACE DRIVE," ONE OF THE PICTURESQUE ROADWAYS IN AND ABOUT DULUTH, MINN.

duction of an immense amount of water-power at the western terminus of lake navigation. It consists of great drainage areas tributary to Lake Superior, where the surplus or accumulation of precipitation can be delivered by means of a short canal and used as a direct force or be converted into electrical energy as required, thus supplying a vast amount of power for manufacturing purposes with a head of about six hundred feet.

When it is realized that it is thus possible to furnish more than 100,000 horse-power for industrial purposes, at a cost of less than one-half that of steam, and that the Zenith City is at the extremity of a vast system of midland navigation, facilitating cheap transportation by water of all manufactured products, it can be understood that Duluth has an undeveloped resource which in the future may make it one of the most important manufacturing centers in the country.

Before I close, let me speak of the natural beauties of Duluth, so unlike any other city in America. Unique in name and in location, its park system is also unique in its rugged beauty. The parks and boulevards which ornament all large cities are priceless, but in no city are there the wild, wonderful and varied natural features that environ Duluth and compel admiration from every lover of nature.

Beginning at Lincoln Park, a drive of many miles can be enjoyed, embracing every form of picturesque scenery. The graveled roads have a gentle ascent of about five hundred feet, with a rushing, swirling, dusky-brown torrent of water breaking in feathery whiteness to lure you on to see new views of clean and sparkling waters—leaping and playing over abrupt precipices, through somber gulches and rock-bound ravines. The road curves and crosses the stream over rustic bridges till a sudden turn; and there the lake, in all its majesty, lies stretched before you! A magnificent view! A bustling city, nestling close to the sturdy hills while connected by the massive, though at this distance, airy-like, structure of the new steel bridge, is Superior—broad and well built. Leviathan ships and tiny yachts, with fussy little tugs, dot the blue surface of the bay. All the bustle and life of a great business center lie spread out in detail. Driving along slowly, you can gaze at the wondrous sight for miles, till Lester Park calls attention to attractions unexcelled.

Minnesota Point, extending like a finger of fate from the Minnesota shore, is a remarkable formation, not more than six hundred feet wide at any part and seven miles long. It is composed of sand, is well-wooded, and provides a quiet harbor for shipping, which is admitted by a wide canal. This land-locked harbor has room to accommodate the combined navies of the world, having a dock front, when completed, three times greater than that of Liverpool.

As a summer resort, these lake cities are hardly equaled. Broad Lake Superior, whose temperature varies little the year round, acts as a regulator and prevents extreme heat; the many streams along the North Shore abound in speckled trout, while the lakes back of the city furnish bass, pike, pickerel and perch. There are many good, comfortable hotels, and the rates are reasonable. The Spalding Hotel, under Frank L. Taylor's management, ranks among the first in the Northwest. Stately and grand, it is the pride of the "City of Destiny" and a joy to the heart of the traveler. Its location, appointments and cuisine are unexcelled. While partaking of some plank whitefish, for which the hotel is famous, one can gaze from the polished windows over the broad waters of the lake, for the dining-room is on the top floor, thus affording a feast for the eyes as well as for the inner man.

M. A.



THE GREAT DULUTH-SUPERIOR STEEL DRAWBRIDGE BETWEEN DULUTH, MINN., AND SUPERIOR, WIS.

The construction of this bridge was begun in July, 1886, and the work is now approaching completion. It is said to be the third largest drawbridge in the world. The length of the bridge between deck lines is 1,094 feet, and the structure rests on five piers. The draw-span is 491 feet in length and weighs 1,800 tons. This bridge will accommodate railway trains, street-cars, vehicles and foot passengers, and its cost will exceed \$1,000,000.

A TRIP TO THE MINNESOTA AND ONTARIO GOLD-FIELDS.

By M. A. Harriman.

Talk of wheat-fields, stock-ranging, sheep industries or creameries, and most people are comparatively indifferent; but speak the word "gold," and you rouse the interest of all classes. The arid regions of Arizona and the gold mines of California, together with the barren peaks of Nevada and Colorado and the far-reaching stretch of Alaska, have occupied their share of public attention on account of the gold which they have produced. Minnesota raises millions of bushels of wheat each year, and no one wonders or is amazed; she is simply fulfilling the expectations of the world. But let it be told that she numbers gold among her riches, in quantities as yet but faintly guessed at from the work that has been done and the results already obtained, and people shrug their shoulders and smile incredulously on the disseminator of knowledge.

For the purpose of convincing those "Doubting Thomas's" who think that gold is not existent in Northern Minnesota and in Ontario, Canada, a trip was taken recently to see, and to write of, the mines and mineral resources of the Rainy Lake and Seine River districts, and also to give a general idea of the country and the best way to reach it.

Starting from St. Paul, three routes are at one's command. One can go to Winnipeg, thence to Rat Portage, Ont., and from there by steamer to Fort Frances, in the same Province, and so on down into the Seine River and Rainy Lake. Another way is to go to Duluth,

take a steamer to Port Arthur, Ont., and then go over the Canadian Pacific line to Rat Portage. But both these routes are lengthy and correspondingly costly, and, recognizing this, a transportation company has been organized in Duluth which, with the steamers plying the numerous lakes, makes the trip one of two days' duration and moderate in expense. Boarding the well-equipped passenger train of the Duluth and Iron Range Railroad at Duluth, and skirting the shores of Lake Superior to Two Harbors, the route thence lies in a northwesterly direction and over a substantial road-bed to

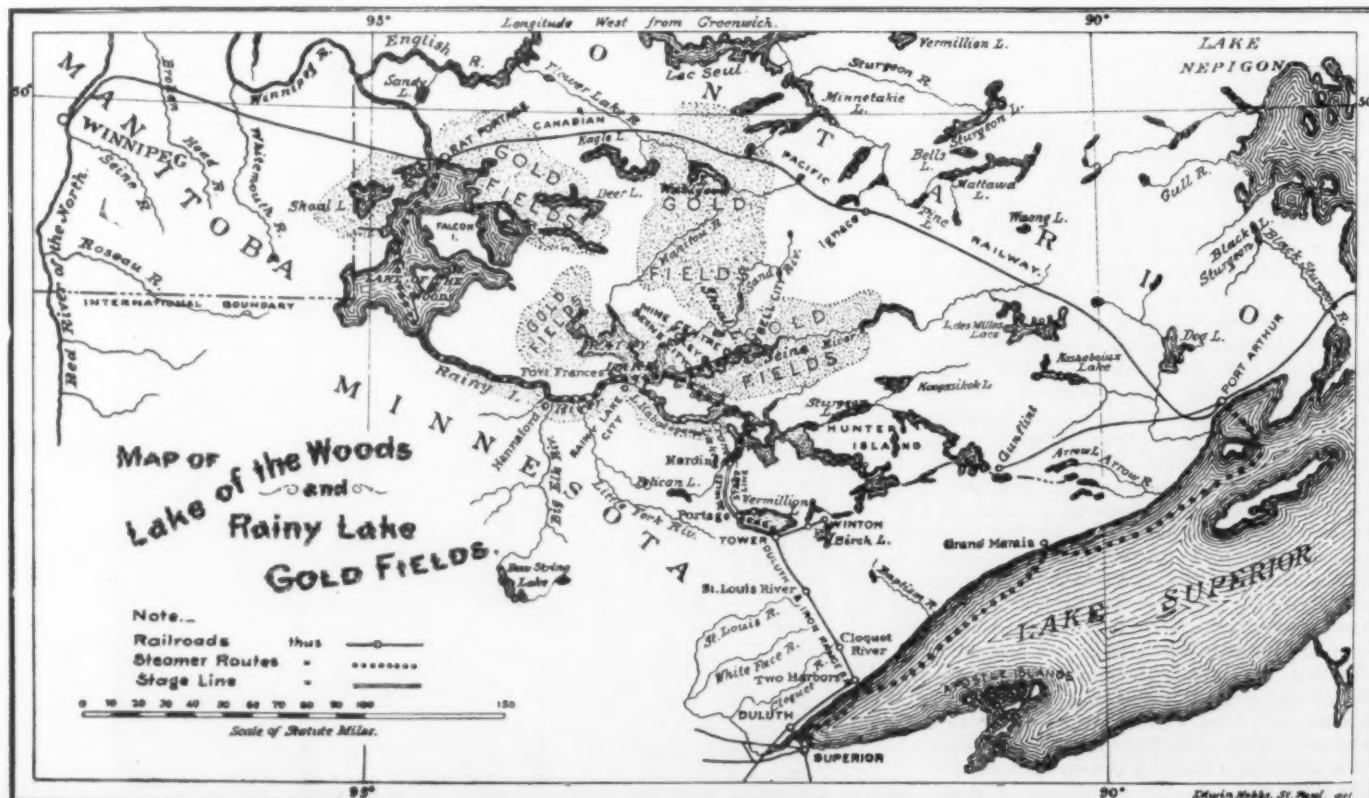
TOWER,

which is midway between Duluth and La Seine River. Tower is a thriving little city with a population, including Soudan, the mining location, of between 4,000 and 5,000 inhabitants. The principal industry is iron-mining, 800 to 1,000 men being thus employed. A big saw-mill also gives employment to several hundred men. The town is prettily situated on the shores of Lake Vermilion, a body of water which is thirty miles long, contains over three hundred islands, and abounds in fish. Jasper Peak, the highest point in Minnesota, is near, and a beautiful panorama of lovely scenery can be seen from its summit. Besides viewing the scenic features of the locality, a halt may well be made here to purchase the necessities that will be needed in a trip to the gold-mines. All kinds of prospectors' and mining supplies can

be obtained in Tower, since it is essentially a mining town. The hotel accommodations are of the best—indeed, much better than would ordinarily be looked for in a town of that size.

Leaving Tower dock on the "Odd-Fellow," with Captain Gheen in command, and steaming out through the narrows, we pass into the big lake and take a course for Birch Point and Pine Island. Passing through the narrows into Fraser Bay, we come in sight of Gold Island, and, coming close to shore, see the remains of the gold explorations of the early sixties in the shape of a dump-pile and an abandoned shaft. For gold is found here as well as farther north, but not in sufficient quantity to have paid for the immense expense of transporting supplies and machinery to Lake Vermilion nearly forty years ago. Meanwhile, the rich discoveries made recently in the Rainy Lake region have completely overshadowed the smaller ones on Lake Vermilion.

Proceeding, the steamer arrives at the "The Dam," where a transfer is made to the stage line for the Crane Lake Portage of twenty-six miles. First-class coaches of the newest type for hard roads and mountain use, are these; and as thirty thousand dollars have already been expended on the road and ten thousand dollars more appropriated by the county (Itasca), it will be made smoother than the ordinary portage. In anticipation of the large amount of travel that will seek the gold country by this route, there is a force of one hundred and fifty men now working to make the road into what the quaint old driver, "John," calls a "dolly-vard." Two boats ply between Tower and The Dam on Lake Vermilion. The Odd-Fellow, commanded by Captain Gheen, is a commodious little steamer, newly fitted, and makes close connections with the coaches of the Transportation Company. This boat is controlled by the company, and a trip across Lake Vermilion is enjoyable. The other boat, The Libbie, so named from its bright little pilot, is a smaller boat than the Odd-Fellow, but makes the same run on the lake. Libbie Williams is surely the youngest pilot in the United States, as she is only fifteen years old; but she stands at the





"JOHN KING'S," AT HARDING, MINN., ON CRANE LAKE.

wheel through storm and sunshine, and the boat goes straight as a die on her course. Captain Williams is justly proud of his little daughter, who so willingly helps her father in thus earning a living for the family.

This enterprising Minnesota and Ontario Transportation Company, with head office in Duluth, has for its president W. C. Sargent and for its general manager C. S. Sargent, who has done an immense amount of "hustling," this spring, to facilitate transportation from Duluth to the Seine. The principal drawback to the so-called "Tower route" has been the portage of twenty-six miles between Lake Vermilion and Crane Lake, but since the Rocky Mountain coaches owned by this company have been running under the efficient management of Mr. Jassmore, the fatigue and hardship incident to a trip over a new road has been reduced to a minimum. Through tickets from Duluth, via Tower and Rainy Lake City to all points on the Seine, can be obtained at the head office in Duluth; and with a daily service, with close connections with all steamers, those wishing to visit the gold-fields of Minnesota and Ontario can make the trip in two days—a trip that takes seven or

eight days if made over the more roundabout way of either Port Arthur or Winnipeg.

"Jackson's" is the central stopping-place where a good meal can be obtained, and on arriving at Harding, a small post-office at Crane Lake, "King's" typical set of buildings furnish accommodations for man and beast. This last named place, by the way, is entitled to further notice. W. H. Harding is well-known in Northern Minnesota. Formerly of Bethel, Maine, he is one of the earliest settlers of St. Louis County, and has done much to develop the country. Coming to Crane Lake six years ago, he took up a homestead. Two years ago

he helped survey the town site, which was named Harding, in recognition of his sterling worth. He was connected with the Arion Fish Company, first as cook, then as clerk. Upon their leasing the property he

speaks their language (Chippewa) readily, and is every way deserving of his present prosperity.

During the past winter he bought more furs—fishes, mink, otter, bear and beaver—than all the other posts around, his trade amounting to thousands of dollars, beside paying out over sixteen hundred dollars last fall for part-ridges.

He is known everywhere for his fair dealing; and, though his specialty is Indian custom, white people are glad to trade with him also. A visit to his typical frontier store is well worth the time, as there you see Indians of both sexes, smoking and gazing stolidly—the bucks at some shining rifle or shotgun, while the squaws, with round-faced paposes slung in shawls over their shoulders or carried in their rude board cradles, strapped tightly down, are fingering the gaudy calicos or strings of glittering beads, for which they inherit a special admiration.

A miscellaneous assortment of Indian curiosities attract one's attention—a blue velvet bag, worked in parti-colored beads, being perhaps the most unique feature of his collection. Moccasins, wampum strings, gaily-colored



THE "MAY CARTER," CRANE LAKE, MINN.



THE "ODD-FELLOW," VERMILION LAKE, MINN.

started an Indian trading post, which he still maintains. His gentleness and unvarying kindness to the Indians, as well as his fair dealing, have won their esteem and friendship. He



W. H. HARDING AND HIS DOGS.



"HARDING'S STORE," HARDING, MINN.



A GLIMPSE OF RAINY LAKE CITY, MINN., FROM SHA-SHA POINT.



INDIANS MAKING CANOES—RAINY LAKE CITY IN THE DISTANCE.

feathers and other strange articles are indiscriminately piled together. Nor must we forget his dogs, Arion and Fanny. Keeping bachelor's hall, he makes companions of these beautiful animals, who are almost human in the intelligence they display. Arion in particular, a magnificent Newfoundland, is pathetic in his devotion to his master-friend, and lacks only speech to be understood.

Mr. Harding is a character. Born in Liverpool, England, his parents moved to this country in 1852. Early in life he began work for himself, and, in his profession as cook, he has traveled all over the globe on ocean steamers. It was a strange turn of fortune that stranded him so far inland; but his taste for wandering is satiated, and, though he owns a fine orange grove in Florida, he still stays in the Northwest, where, in company with the brave and hardy men who have endured deprivations and trials such as few can comprehend, he does his part in developing one of the newest sections of the United States.

Again, at this north end of the portage, you are transferred to a steamer. This time, however, Captain Hayes is in command, and "May Carter" is the pretty name of his nice little boat. He expects to have a new and larger steamer running by the time this is in print.

The thirty miles between Harding and Kettle Falls are among lovely islands and bold promontories, with here and there an Indian village on some wooded point. At Sand Point Narrows, near the water-line on the face of the dark rock, there is a figure in a whiter rock which looks like some curious animal—half-mink, half-alligator. It is impossible to get an Indian to land there, as they believe the place to be "bad medicine."

At Kettle Falls a short portage of perhaps an eighth of a mile is made to the "W. S. Lloyd," and, as you steam out under the command of Captain Lloyd, a beautiful view of Kettle Falls is obtained. Sturgeon of enormous weight are caught here. The run from Kettle Falls to Rainy Lake City is beautiful. The shores, the islands and the sea-gulls all make a scene that does not weary the eye. The bare rocks, rising in stern rebuff to the lapping waves, are grand in the extreme. This trip between Kettle Falls and Rainy Lake City takes about four hours. The boat goes on to Fort Frances, where it connects with the Canadian steamers. Captain Lloyd is a careful pilot, and through the dangerous trip through the Brule Narrows he has picked out a passage that is as safe as can be found. A general freighting and passenger service is thus se-

cured on the American side of the lake, and the Lloyd, as well as the Moose, has all the trade necessary for success. The Moose is a large boat, Captain Acklay commanding. It runs the fastest of any boat between Kettle Falls and Bell City, and enjoys good patronage.

RAINY LAKE CITY,

after experiencing the effects of a boom and the quietness resulting from the shutting down of the Little American Mine, is now on the upward move again. Now that O. A. Watzke of West Superior has taken the Little American and development work is being done on many other properties, the town is correspondingly affected. There is a good hotel. P. T. Giarde, well-known in those parts as the best all-around hotel man that ever struck the country, has taken the Lake Shore House after a year's absence at the Ferguson Mines, where he conducted a boarding-house. The boys are only too glad to have him and his pleasant little wife at Rainy Lake again, for they are now sure of good meals and clean lodgings. The traveling public, too, know Mr. Giarde, as he is always willing to assist in any way that may aid them in their travels. Rainy Lake City is indeed fortunate in having so good a hotel, and Mr. Giarde deserves the best of patronage to reward his earnest and faithful efforts to please his guests. A good mining paper called the *Rainy Lake Journal* is published there, and both town and country are under deep obliga-

tions to Fred J. Bowman, the editor and proprietor. No matter what discouragements surrounded him and the district he so sturdily stuck to, his heart never lost hope and his brain never ceased toiling, early and late, in order to win recognition for the Rainy Lake and Seine River gold-fields.

Of course, a great deal of the interest manifested in this section centers in the

LITTLE AMERICAN MINE.

The average American is ready to believe almost any improbable story of the fabulous richness of a new discovery of gold-bearing seams or sands, if only such reputed veins or beds of golden gravel be situated somewhere among the mountain ranges of the Far West. Those distant regions have become so inseparably associated with the precious metals, that it is extremely difficult for the average person in the Eastern portion of the country to believe that gold or silver can exist in paying quantities anywhere east of the Rockies. To the mineral expert of the West such pretensions are absurd; and if, perchance, he condescends to talk with you at all upon the subject, he may explain those primordial mysteries of formation and alteration in the earth's strata by which it is proved, to his own satisfaction, at least, that the auriferous metal cannot exist in any great quantity east of the Great Divide. Show him an average specimen of ore from the dump-pile of one of the mines along the Minnesota-Ontario boundary line, and tell him that actual mill-runs of such ore yield thirty dollars of gold to the ton, and he will listen to your statement with complacent incredulity and watch your evident enthusiasm with a feeling of compassion for your ignorance.

Such prejudices and preconceptions are, however, somewhat excusable, if we but recall the fact that ever since those pioneer days when the cry, "Pikes Peak or bust," afforded inspiration to the weary, dust-covered traveler as he plodded his perilous way toward the setting sun, we have been taught by every influence that environs us that, if a new El Dorado is ever found, it will be somewhere among the ragged and broken strata of the Great West. But it remained for the explorer and prospector to assert, and for the miner to prove, that our hitherto preconceived notions were false, and that in the archaic formation extending a distance of several hundred miles in a northeasterly direction from the headwaters of the Mississippi River and known to every school-boy as the "Height of Land," there do exist extensive seams and deposits of gold-bearing ore, the richness of which has rarely been equaled.



F. J. BOWMAN, EDITOR RAINY LAKE JOURNAL, RAINY LAKE CITY, MINN.

This mineral belt is perhaps best known to the world as the Rainy Lake Region, and, though it has been but little over three years since the first discoveries were made, a number of valuable mines have already been opened and are today paying handsome dividends to their owners.

One of the best known of these mines is the Little American; and, inasmuch as this is the pioneer mine of the country, it is no more than common justice to say that the result obtained from that venture was perhaps the strongest factor in first arresting the attention of mining men and afterward of inducing capital into the new country. This mine is located on a little island, of less than three acres in area, situated in Rainy Lake and near the international boundary line between the United States and the Dominion of Canada. The vein was discovered in the autumn of 1893, the year that marked the commencement of active explorations in that region and brought such a contagion of gold-fever into the territory bordering upon the two shores of Lake Superior, and extending far down into the staid old Province of Ontario, as had never been experienced before.

The vein matter of the Little American mine is a massive, bluish quartzite with occasional thin streaks of schist running through it here and there, and is of the free-milling variety of ore. The gold is unusually pure and free from associated minerals, and is found embedded in the ore in very minute particles, ranging in size from a pin-head down to tiny atoms of dust too small to be seen by the unaided eye. Like all veins in the Rainy Lake Region into which shafts have been sunk, the vein matter of the Little American gradually widens and grows richer in quality as depth is attained. At the surface, this remarkable vein is little more than three feet in width and is streaked with several inches of a slate or schistose formation, thus giving it the appearance of several very narrow veins in close proximity, running parallel with one another. But after the first few blasts, the streaks of schist disappeared, the vein matter became quite uniform from wall to wall, and at the depth of one hundred feet it was over twenty-five feet in width.

The Little American mine has passed the stage of the problematic. It is a gold-mine in

very truth and fact. The development work in the two main shafts has opened up a body of ore of sufficient magnitude to place the mine on a solid and paying basis for years to come. The mine is now operated by the Lyle Mining Company, which is composed of a number of Iowa capitalists, and the work is being pushed with an energy that is born of the encouragement that actual milling results bring. This company was organized for the sole purpose of actual work in these new gold-fields, and not for the purpose of selling stock, and it is a significant fact that not a single share in the company has ever been offered for sale. Its members are saying little or nothing, but they are quietly and methodically developing the Little American into one of the best-paying mines on the continent. The ore averages about thirty dollars of free-gold to the ton, and appears to exist in almost inexhaustible quantities. The vein can be worked underneath the bed of the lake without any interference from water, for the rock is so massive and devoid of cracks and fissures that there is no

leakage into the shafts. The company has a very complete mining and milling outfit consisting of boilers, engines, air-compressors, pumps, a ten-stamp mill and all other necessary machinery for successfully working the mine, and everything is of the latest and most approved pattern.

The mine is situated in one of the most picturesque of the innumerable lakes in the State of Minnesota. The shore-line presents the most ragged and complicated outline, and the numberless little islands and bays and channels are fringed at the water's edge with the rich and evergreen foliage of pine and cedar, and suggest an ideal spot for rest and recreation during the hot days of summer.

The mine is reached from the north by boat from Rat Portage, on the Canadian Pacific railway; through the beautiful Lake of the Woods, with its thousands of islands, thence up the charming Rainy River to Ft. Frances, where a fall of twenty-two feet marks the head of navigation on that stream. Less than an hour's ride on one of the little steamers plying between Ft. Frances and Rainy Lake City, brings you to the mine. From the south, the mine is reached by boat and stage from Tower, Minnesota, on the Duluth and Iron Range Railroad.

It will be proper, in concluding this description to speak briefly of one or two other valuable properties, located near the Little American, which are owned by some of the members of the Lyle Mining Company. One of these is the Big American, situated less than a mile to the northeast of the Little American mine. It has an area of twenty-two acres, and contains the same vein as the Little American. It was discovered about the same time as the Little American property, but complications in its title arose and it remained in an undeveloped condition until about thirty days ago, when the title was straightened out and a strong company took control and immediately commenced to sink a fifty-foot test-shaft into the vein. They were agreeably surprised at the results, for they found that, very near the surface, the vein was over twelve feet in width and of the same character and quality as the ore of the Little American. The shaft is now about thirty feet deep, and it will be pushed to completion as fast as men and means can accomplish it. A short distance eastward from the Big American is another property that is regarded as being of exceptional richness.



THE "W. S. LOYD" AT THE LITTLE AMERICAN MINE, RAINY LAKE.



SHAFT-HOUSE NO. 2 AND ORE-DUMP OF LITTLE AMERICAN MINE ON RAINY LAKE.



GROUP OF MINERS AT THE BIG AMERICAN MINE, ON RAINY LAKE.

This is commonly known as the "Line Island," from the fact that it lies on the division line between the counties of Itasca and St. Louis, in the State of Minnesota. A test-pit has been sunk to a depth of twenty feet in the vein on this property, and the ore, though of a somewhat different variety from the Little American, is equally rich in free-gold. The Lyle Mining Company thinks that these other properties may be worked, and the ore milled, at the Little American, but this is a question to be determined wholly by the cost of carrying the ore, which they have not yet investigated.

THE GRASSY ISLAND MINES.

The Grassy Island Gold Mining and Milling Company has locations on Grassy Island, three miles from Rainy Lake City, and they have veins which are the most promising of the many prospects now being developed in the Rainy Lake Region.

The island contains four hundred acres and is completely netted with gold-bearing veins. The property is being developed under the personal management of J. F. Tilson, who is one of the largest owners in the company. The veins vary in width from four and one-half to twelve feet, and can be traced for several hundred feet on the surface. At the depth of five feet, a dark quartz is found and the walls of slate and granite are well defined and cut the formation.

Every panning shows gold, and the owners are much elated over the recent developments. Active operations in the line of shaft-sinking and drifting will be pushed as rapidly as possible, and a milling test of the ore will be made at the Little American mill.

The company is composed of Duluth business men and its officers are C. O. Baldwin, president; Chas. T. Fitzsimmons, vice-president; J. J. Skuse, secretary, and E. D. Field, treasurer.

Any information desired relative to this property will be cheerfully furnished at the company's office in the Phoenix Block, Duluth.

FROM RAINY LAKE TO SEINE RIVER.

From the Rainy Lake District to Seine River one takes the "Maple Leaf," a Canadian steamer commanded by Capt. Fred. W. Coates, and which plies between Ft. Frances and points on the Seine River. Its last stopping place is Bell City, Ont., the head of deep-water

navigation. It is the most commodious and attractive of all the steamers on that route, and regular runs are made daily, Sunday excepted. You can take the steamer by going on to Ft. Frances, or by being rowed about four miles and then transferred to the boat as it steams on its way toward Seine River.

This trip to the Seine also takes about four hours. Nature—as the Indians knew it hundreds of years ago—is still undefiled by the hand of man. Mile after mile of unbroken forest, with an occasional deer on a rocky point or a moose swimming from an island to the mainland, divert the eye while the well-appointed steamer, with Captain Coates looking after every detail, glides swiftly along. As we approached the Seine, an abrupt turn showed us an Indian encampment of white birch-bark tepees. Attached to poles, laid on forked sticks, were strips of sturgeon drying in the smoke of slow-smoldering fires beneath. Three embryo braves, minus most of the clothing considered necessary to civilization, gazed curiously at the boat that so gaily floated the Canadian flag as they stood on a bold rock on the point, and we could see the squaws and bucks lazily smoking in the shade of their tepees. It was a touch of primeval wildness which one seldom sees nowadays.

As we entered the Seine, the scenery changed. On all the lakes the shore-line had been much broken, with bold promontories and heavy timber; but here the banks were low, with the softer green of willows, birch and maple, instead of the dark green of pine and spruce.

The stream is so crooked that it causes many curves and bends, which make a constant change of scene. A two hours' ride brings you to Shoal Lake (which is really a widening of Seine River), around whose shores, and within three miles of one another, lie Foley's big mining-plant, Mine Center, and Bell City.

THE FOLEY MINES COMPANY, now so prominently mentioned in all Ontario mining reports, operates property which is second only in value and importance to the famous Sultana mine, from which it lies 225 miles southeast. The property consists of

191 acres. It was purchased by J. C. Foley in 1894, and he has struggled hard to make a success of it. The personnel of the company, as now constituted, is as follows: President, R. A. Demme, Detroit, Mich.; vice-president, Hon. L. M. Jones, Toronto, Can.; secretary, Edmund Bristol, Toronto; treasurer, W. H. Cawthra, Toronto; general manager, Joseph C. Foley. The head office is at 103 Bay Street, Toronto.

It is said that over \$225,000 has been expended on the Foley mine to date. Speaking of this property as long ago as last October, since which time great progress has been made in developing the mine,—The Rainy Lake Journal said:

"On the vein are located shafts No. 5 and No. 6, situated 1,200 feet apart. Shaft No. 5 is sunk 115, and shaft No. 6 is 210 feet deep, a mean depth of 162½ feet. In shaft No. 6 there is over three hundred feet of tunnel work completed on the 200-foot level. In addition to the above, the work of drifting on every 50-foot level is to be prosecuted between the two shafts as soon as it is possible for men and teams to accomplish it, and at the same time the work of sinking the two shafts will be hurried forward. The object is to get the property blocked out and have enough ore on the dump to keep the big mill continuously at work when it is in operation, with its capacity of sixty tons of ore a day. As stated, shaft No. 6 is 210 feet deep, giving a mean known depth of the vein, of 162½ feet. The vein between the two shafts is 1,200 feet long, and will average three feet in width, which, multiplied into cubic feet and reduced to tons, gives a result of 58,500 tons of gold ore. If the ore yields \$25 to the ton, which is a low estimate, according to the most careful assays, we will have the value of the ore now in sight at \$1,462,500, figuring only a depth of 162½ feet. But, as a matter of fact, there are 210 feet of ore in sight, which would bring the figures up to \$2,309,150. In addition to that estimate, the drift on the 200-foot level is now run 200 feet south of shaft No. 6, which would give a further addition of \$315,000, or a grand total of \$2,324,150, from the vein 1,400 feet long and 210 feet deep. The fact of the matter is, however, that the vein cuts across three forty-acre lots, a distance of about four thousand feet, and the estimated value of the ore in this particular vein can be safely put at three times the last figures, \$6,972,450. Now, it is the history of all true-fissure veins that if your vein holds good 200 feet, it will also hold good to the 400-foot level, and so on down to the depth of a mile or more, until the interior heat interferes with the working of the mine, and it is fair to assume that such will be the case with the great Foley mine. With these figures in your mind, just think of the possibilities of this one mine from grass roots to the 5,000-foot level, not at all a deep working! It will be observed that the possibilities of this great mine seem almost of a fabulous nature, but the estimates are already a record of what has been the experience of men in other gold-fields, and should and will



THE "MAPLE LEAF" ON RAINY LAKE AND SEINE RIVER.

obtain there. But for fear we have put the figures too high, we will claim a yield of only \$10 a ton for the ore in sight, which gives us the sum of \$2,788,980, and if we allow \$5 a ton for mining and milling the ore, a high estimate, we will still have a clear profit on the ledger of \$1,394,440, and that, too, on an original investment of only \$15,000 for property and plant."

The twenty-stamp mill, operated night and day, is situated on the shore of the river (or, as it is called there, Shoal Lake) some 4,000 feet from the main shaft of the mine. The ore is carried to the mill over a trestle-work which, in some places, is twenty feet above the ground. About seventy-five men are employed. The mine is operated at an expense of about \$200 per day and produces a yield of gold amounting to from \$600 to \$1,000 per day. A new power-plant is soon to be added to the property, and the stamping capacity is to be doubled within the next year. A town has been platted back of and east of the main shaft-house, and stores and residences will be erected this summer. The new town will be named Foley—after the courageous man who, no matter what his discouragements were, held an abiding faith in

other lakes, and its close proximity to the Randolph, Lucky Coon, Ferguson, A. D. 2 and other valuable properties, make it a natural trading point. The hotel is already being enlarged to accommodate seventy-five guests. Carpenters are busy building the new stores, bakery, butcher-shop, and the new Presbyterian church.

As you approach the town from the lake, you see a gentle rise of land extending into the lake in such a manner that those houses on the highest ground can have a water view on every side. Pine, cedar and birch-trees are beautifully clustered along the shore, and what with gaily-painted canoes, turned up on the shore, and prospectors' tents scattered here and there, the scene is refreshing in the utter absence of the conventional appliances of older communities. The very newness of the town constitutes picturesque-ness. The piles of lumber, rough logs, and the chips scattered about, all mark the advent of courageous settlers. Islands are dotted over the surface of the lake, which is an enlargement—six miles long by one and one-half miles wide—of Seine River. These islands are also wooded, and add their share to the scenic

with Mr. Bell and took charge of the Pioneer Hotel, looking after the interests of his guests with the same care that he has manifested during the last four years at Fort Frances. Any parties wishing information regarding town properties, business locations or mining propositions, will be answered promptly by addressing either Mr. Bell or Mr. Lunn at Bell City, Ontario, care Harding post-office, Minnesota. At no point in these districts of Rainy Lake or Seine River can you find more development and enterprise than at Bell City.

A few miles from the towns of Mine Center and Bell City are the famous Randolph properties.

THE RANDOLPH.

The properties known as the Randolph were purchased by the Seine River and Rainy Lake Exploration Company in March last. The vein is a dyke vein in green schist, and runs diagonally across the location northwest and southeast; it is five feet in width at the surface and six feet and six inches at a depth of twenty-eight feet. The ore assayed \$38.72 at the top, and at the 23-foot level it changed from a cream-colored to a reddish-brown quartz assay-



BUSHY-HEAD ISLAND, RAINY LAKE.



A RICH QUARTZ VEIN ON THE RANDOLPH MINE.

the Seine River District and finally developed a gold property which to-day has a cash valuation exceeding a million dollars.

BELL CITY, ONTARIO.

Thomas Bell, the founder and godfather of Bell City, came from Montreal four years ago. Having the same faith then that he still has in this country, he went through all the hardships of pioneer life and is now beginning to reap the results of his earnest efforts. In February, 1896, the point on the east end of Shoal Lake, which rises picturesquely from the water, was covered with standing timber; in May, of the same year, the town site of one hundred and thirty-five acres was platted, the land was cleared, and the Pioneer Hotel was built. From that time the future of the town was assured. At the head of deep-water navigation, it is the terminus of boats from Fort Frances, Rat Portage and other points, and the only landing-place where water in the lake is low in the fall. Its hundred-foot dock will have to be enlarged next year, if not before, to accommodate the increased traffic incident to the building of a town suited to the needs of a country that is being developed rapidly. Especially is this true of Bell City, for it is on the road leading to Bad Vermillion, Little Turtle and

beauty of timbered banks and quiet waters. Foley's mines and buildings, two miles away, are seen plainly. Roads are being cut through to various points, sidewalks are being laid, and the streets will be graded next year. Prices of lots range from \$35.00 to \$100.00. A good saw-mill is needed, and any one engaging in that line of industry here will not need to go "prospecting;" he will find a gold mine right in his mill. Building has been delayed, owing to the heavy demand for lumber and the long distance it has to be hauled from Rat Portage. A shoemaker, barber and general store are needed. There are two general stores there now, but they are overworked.

Men who wish to engage in market gardening and farming, will find ready aid in the naturally rich soil, the demand for farm products being greatly in excess of the supply. In fact, there is no supply, as yet; but this season will change that, as men of small capital can find no better location in which to thrive. Cranberries, blueberries and strawberries are plentiful, and fish and game are almost a drug in the market. Last year Andrew Lunn, formerly of the Alberion Hotel, Fort Frances, well-known by the traveling public for his genuine hospitality and excellent business ability, associated himself

ing from \$200 to \$500 to the ton. The walls of the shaft are perpendicular, smooth, and perfectly free. Experts of national reputation, after careful examination pronounce the property one of the great bonanza prospects of the world.

Cross veins are numerous, and the quartz is so decomposed as to make it very easy to work. Besides the main vein, there are six others on this property which average one to four feet in width, and from which free-gold can be panned readily. The property was selected by Edwin Ward, the company's manager and one of the owners. The others interested are A. C. Hubbell, V. P. Chappell and J. H. Bennett, all of Manistique, Michigan; T. A. Merritt, J. C. Macdougall, A. E. McManus and Geo. V. Burgess, of Duluth; and Louis A. Hall, of the Hall & Buell Export Lumber Company, New York City. The writer was treated very cordially at the property, and left with the impression that its owners deserved their good fortune. The Seine River & Rainy Lake Exploration Company owns about seven hundred acres of other properties which are said to be just as valuable as the Randolph, located near Mine Center. Fine specimens of the gold quartz may be seen at any time at the office of Secretary McManus,



VEIN ON A. D. 2 PROPERTY NEAR BELL CITY AND MINE CENTER, ONT.



STRIKING A VEIN ON THE A. D. 2 PROPERTY.

in the Chamber of Commerce Building at Duluth.

Not far from the Randolph property is the mine of the

A. D. 2 GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.

This company is the owner of mining locations A. D. 2, 3 and 4, containing 160 acres in the Rainy River District of Ontario,—immediately adjoining the Randolph and other well-known properties,—and they were the first surveys made in that vicinity. This property is in a very rich belt, and the showing is wonderful. There are five large and well-defined veins, varying in width from three to ten feet, besides fifteen smaller veins six inches to eighteen inches in width. The veins all show visible free-gold, and assay ten dollars to one thousand dollars per ton, which sufficiently demonstrates the value of the ore. The locations lie, with one exception, in the protogene formation, with the strike from northwest to southeast. The value of this gold-bearing formation has been settled by the actual results obtained by mines now milling gold, such as Foley's and others. The veins are true fissures, and the work already done is convincing proof that there are no more valuable properties in the district.

The different veins have an average width of six feet, with walls smooth and well defined. The width increases with depth, and some of the veins, notably the Cuckoo, show free-gold in amazing quantities. After a shot has been put in, any number of pieces can be picked up

which show specks and little nuggets of pure gold on the face of the fractures. This company has been organized to conduct a legitimate mining enterprise and to develop the property named, erect a stamp-mill, and place the mine or mines on a paying basis in as short a time as possible. There will be no speculative features in the management. All proceeds from the sale of stock will be expended on the property, and the stock set apart for development will be amply sufficient to complete all the work planned by the company. A limited amount of stock can be obtained at the branch office of the company at No. 426, Chamber of Commerce Building, Duluth, Minn.

MINE CENTER, ONTARIO.

Mine Center is rightly named, because it is the center of the Seine River gold district. It was located and named in the winter of '95 by John W. Thickers, and has taken a forward start this spring by the building of first-class stores and a fine, up-to-date hotel of sixty-five rooms. All the new buildings are being built in a modern manner, quite a rarity in a country where log houses and shacks obtain. D. M. Blackwood, Geo. H. Campbell and Jas. C. Beebe are the chief promoters of the town site, as well as of the Mine Center Development Company, which has been working nearly three years, securing locations and looking after the interests of the town generally and their mining locations.

L. Hamel and Company have the largest store of general merchandise between Toronto

and Winnipeg. They are just moving into a commodious new store, where their facilities for handling goods will be largely increased.

The new hotel, the Beebe House, will, it is said, be heated by steam, be lighted by electricity, and be thoroughly modern in all its appointments.

Mine Center is fortunate in having a good physician. Doctor McKenzie, the local physician and surgeon, has a contract with the leading mines and enjoys a large and well-deserved practice. Fortunate, too, is the town in having a good drug-store; for, though sickness is rare, owing to the healthful climate and the rugged lives lived, one feels more inclined to settle in a town where prompt help can be obtained in a medical way.

Mine Center needs a good schoolhouse, and steps are being taken to provide one. The Improvement Company is laying out the town site in the most approved manner, and invite correspondence from those who wish to learn more of this good location either as a business point or as a place in which to invest capital in town lots or in mining propositions. The proximity of the leading mines, already developed; the great region surrounding, and the many undeveloped properties which await only the advent of capital to yield enormous returns, make Mine Center a place that is sure to increase in population and wealth, and, in all probability, one of the leading mining camps of the United States.

THE OLIVE MINE.

This property of the Preston Gold Mining Company, Limited, known as the Olive Mine, is controlled by Canadian capitalists and is situated on the south shore of Little Turtle Lake, about seven miles from Mine Center. The vein now being developed is what is known as a lenticular vein, its width varying from eight inches to three feet. It is enclosed in walls of schist paralleled with additional veins and dykes of diorite, with other intrusive material. The mine was located in June, 1896, but work was not begun until the following October. The winter's work gave a seventy-foot shaft and several other beginnings from six to twelve feet deep. In all these, most encouraging results have been obtained. The company has erected ten buildings, including offices, shops, and boarding-houses. Its saw-mill turned out 150,000 feet of lumber and dimension stuff in one month. Shafts A and B give about the same quantity and quality of high-grade ore, one being seventy feet deep and the other, at present, fifty, the vein being strong and rich as at first. On the surface, the rock, being oxidized, is of a brown to reddish color, showing hematite and copper; below the action of the air it is blue—from pale-blue to almost black. Free-gold, in fine particles, is



SECTIONAL VIEW OF MINE CENTER, ONT.

disseminated through the quartz; it all pans well, assaying \$40 to \$4,000 per ton. The mill now being erected is one of Fraser and Chalmer's best, and will have a capacity that will add greatly to the milling output of that district.

FORT FRANCES

is a small place, quaint in its interesting features and characters. When the Hudson's Bay Company built there one hundred and thirty-five years ago, they named the place after Lady Frances Simpson, the wife of the governor of the Hudson's Bay Company. On the Canadian side of the twenty-eight-foot falls of the Rainy River, it ought some day, with Koochiching, to attain considerable importance. Owing to the falls, all the boats from Rat Portage and Lake of the Woods cannot pass here into Rainy Lake. About twenty years ago the Government constructed a canal around the falls at an expense of \$150,000. Owing to a change in the ministry, it never was completed. It would only take \$30,000 or \$40,000 to finish this work and put in the locks, and steps are being taken to have this money raised. The water-power on the American side is wonderful, and some day it will be utilized. Koochiching will then grow from the small hamlet it now is to a manufacturing town.

TOWER'S BUSINESS ENTERPRISE.

As many readers will be interested in learning as much as possible respecting the business outlook in purely mercantile lines, in the sections of country described herein, it is thought desirable to append the following brief mentions of some of the establishments now doing business in Tower, Minnesota, the supply point of a very large territory. The pioneers in general merchandise there are

C. H. OPPEL & SONS.

They went there in 1884—over the old Vermilion road. They also have a general store in Duluth, on Superior Street, in charge of the senior member of the firm, C. C. Oppel, a son, attending to the business in Tower. The firm carries a general line of prospectors' outfits and attends to the business of fitting out tourists and others who wish to visit the Rainy Lake Country. They also have interests in petroleum and coal-fields as well as in gold properties. Oppel & Sons are typical pioneers, considering no work too hard in developing a new country. One will find them headquarters for birch-bark canoes and all goods in their line. Any information desired will be furnished cheerfully.

A PROGRESSIVE JEWELER.

A. Roher, the leading jeweler in Tower, also has mining interests in the Little Turtle and Wild Potato lakes regions. These properties are now being developed, and the showing is encouraging enough to warrant the belief that they are second to none in that region. He is

a good business man and has established a profitable trade in that community, where he has lived eight years. Any work needed in his line will be attended to carefully. His stock comprises a full assortment of compasses, prospectors' magnifiers and such articles as are needed in prospecting trips and mine work.

IRON RANGE CASH STORE.

The proprietors of the house which goes by the above name are wholesale as well as retail dealers in general merchandise, and they have another store at Virginia, Minn. They have been in Tower six years, and know the needs of the country well. Special attention is given to mining, miners' and explorers' supplies, and free delivery of goods is made to the boat lines when they are intended for the gold-fields. The stock is very comprehensive and up to date in every particular.

ALBERT KITTO'S STORE.

This large general store, opposite the Vermilion Hotel, carries a stock representing everything needed for the business of the town, as well as catering extensively to the trade coming in from other points. Intending visitors to the Rainy Lake or Seine River districts will find here all kinds of clothing needed in prospecting, provisions of all sorts, and prospectors' outfits in endless variety. All necessities can be purchased here, thus saving freight and expense from eastern points. Before embarking on a trip to a country which is new and must, of necessity, be without adequate clothing, provisions and other supplies, a call at Mr. Kitto's place of business is advised.

THE VERMILION HOTEL.

The most beautifully located, the prettiest

architecturally and the nearest perfection of any hotel in the Northwest, is the Vermilion House, the best hotel in Tower. Situated at the bend of a valley which, with Jasper Peak rearing its wooded height in the distance, is exquisitely beautiful, on one side is the busy street of a thriving town, and on the other side is nature at its best. The East Two Rivers winds in rounded curves past the hotel, and nowhere can a grander outlook be had than that enjoyed by the guests of the Vermilion. E. E. Barnidge, the genial proprietor, is so well-known in the Northwest that words are needless to tell his good qualities as a gentleman and a host. Ably assisted by George Kinney, and liked by every one, Mr. Barnidge is reaping his just reward for ten years of unremitting attention to business, by receiving a first-class trade which steadily increases as the capabilities of the gold region become known. His hotel register shows names from South Africa, Paris and London, as well as names almost innumerable from American cities. The Tower route is attracting travelers this way to the gold-fields, and, with such pleasant quarters as the Vermilion, many are tempted to stay more than a night and enjoy a visit to the iron mines, only two miles distant, or indulge in fishing and hunting. It is certainly one of the best hotels in Minnesota, and those who put up with Mr. Barnidge will not regret it.

ROBINSON & WILLIAMS.

These gentlemen own the largest livery establishment in Tower. It is only two doors west of the Vermilion Hotel. They also conduct an extensive drayage business and run an



KOOCHICHING FALLS FROM AMERICAN SIDE, SHOWING TOWN OF FT. FRANCES, ONT.



A TYPICAL PROSPECTOR'S CAMP IN THE NEW GOLD-FIELDS.



A SHAFT ON THE OLIVE MINE, NEAR MINE CENTER, ONT.



FIRST STATE BANK AND THE IRON RANGE CASH STORE.



THE VERMILION HOTEL.



THE PIONEER HOTEL.



N. J. BENSON'S DRUG-STORE AND GENERAL STORE.

REPRESENTATIVE BUSINESS BLOCKS AND HOTELS AT TOWER, MINN.

omnibus to and from all trains. It does not matter what you want, they can supply it. Their general livery, drayage and express service is first-class and their rates reasonable. Just now they are enlarging their facilities by putting on mail coaches across the portage between Vermilion and Crane Lake. They are also negotiating for the management of the stopping places at the Dam and at the Half-way House. These gentlemen are thorough business men and understand all the needs and requirements of frontier life. Of course, during the summer the freighting is in connection with the boats plying on the respective lakes, but in winter they have through service to Koochiching, both mail and freight, and they no doubt will secure the mail route to the Seine River towns as well. Any information relative to freight rates, or general questions of inquiry about the country and its mining and agricultural resources, will be furnished personally or by letter by these enterprising business men. Uniformly good service may be looked for in any work that may be required in their line. Address them at Tower, Minn.

THE PIONEER HOTEL.

The Pioneer Hotel is the headquarters par excellence for prospectors and mining men on their way to the new country now being developed north of Tower. Leaving Duluth in the afternoon, one reaches Tower in time for supper; and at the Pioneer one can pass an evening pleasantly and profitably in learning of the resources and routes of the country one is to visit. The Winchester Brothers—Charles

and Frank—are interested in mining propositions as well as in caring for the wants of their transient guests, and neglect neither in their busy life. Their mother, Mrs. Winchester, devotes all her time to caring for the appetites of the hearty men who are on their way to the new El Dorado. Staying over night, one leaves Tower at 8 o'clock the next morning on either the steamer Libbie or the Odd-Fellow. Any information desired by parties interested in the new country can be obtained here, and all possible assistance will be rendered to make the journeys to and from Tower easier. Rates are only \$1.00 a day, and a free bus runs to all the

boats. As the hotel is directly opposite the Duluth and Iron Range Railroad, a bus is not necessary; one can leave the train and at once enter their hospitable doors.

Edward Blair a young man just starting in business, has a livery and bus line in connection with this hotel. The bus line connects with all points on leaving for the Dam and other points on Vermilion Lake.

NELS J. BENSON.

Nels J. Benson, one of the oldest merchants in Tower, caters extensively to the new trade being developed in the country north of Tower, which is now attracting the attention of all America as well as that of more remote countries. Any one coming over the so-called Tower route need not trouble himself about extra baggage before reaching Tower, as Mr. Benson has all heavy articles shipped to him in car-load lots—which makes the freight very much less. Those shipping in small quantities must pay way-freight—much more expensive. Thus it will be seen that prospective travelers can save money as well as no little trouble. Mr. Benson's stock is no higher in price than stocks at Duluth or at Eastern points, and he carries a general line composed of dry-goods, groceries, boots and shoes, glassware and crockery. He makes specialties of hardware and tinware, deals in furniture, feed and hay, and carries a general line of drugs and a large supply of pack-sacks, prospectors' clothing, utensils, etc. This business keeps many men hustling, and Mr. Benson is not the least of the hustlers, either. His store is 60x80 feet in dimensions. Two



E. E. BARNIDGE, PROPRIETOR OF THE VERMILION HOTEL, AT TOWER, MINN.

warehouses, 25x70, are filled with surplus stock. Every possible facility is given to customers in the choice of goods, and he is able to satisfy the most exacting demands. His drug-store contains a complete line of drugs and druggists' sundries, including prospectors' lens, and minor articles that are apt to be forgotten until the last point of supply is reached. Mr. Benson's enterprise merits success, and there is little doubt that he will continue to do business and accumulate riches for years to come. No one goes to Tower without calling on Nels J. Benson.

A NOTED MINNESOTA CARRIAGE FACTORY.

It is not so very long ago that certain Eastern carriage factories advertised their almost worthless vehicles throughout the country and succeeded in reaping quite a harvest before their utter inferiority became apparent. The difference between such cheaply-constructed vehicles and those manufactured by the H. A. Muckle Manufacturing Company, whose office and factory are at the Minnesota transfer, between Minneapolis and St. Paul, is the difference which always exists between the spurious and the genuine.

This Minnesota company now operates the largest vehicle factory in the Northwest. Its reputation extends to the Pacific Coast; its superior carriages, buggies, phaetons, surries, road wagons, spring-wagons and business and delivery wagons are in daily use throughout many States. All this has been accomplished strictly on merit. "A Western factory for Western people"—this is the company's motto; and its object is to make the best goods and to

ables it to save its patrons about one-half the usual Eastern freight-bills, have made this Twin City factory very popular. The company sells to consumers direct, thus saving them the large profits of the middlemen. Catalogues will be sent to any address on application.

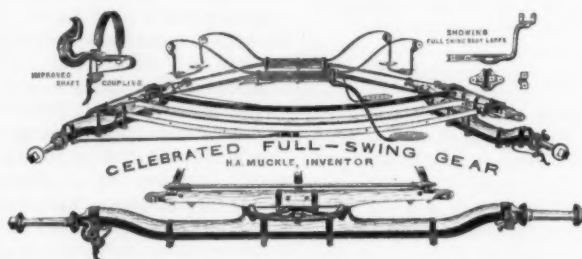
MARSHALL-WELLS HARDWARE COMPANY.



The Marshall-Wells Hardware Company of Duluth, Minn., is a well-established house and has a large wholesale business covering the entire Northwestern country to the Coast. Their stock, the largest in that section, comprises heavy and shelf hardware, mining, mill, railroad, contractors' and lumbermen's supplies, together with cutlery, guns, bicycles and sporting goods. The fine location at the head of the Great Lakes, "where rails and water meet," is most favorable and promises well for the future of this progressive house, now occupying over three acres of floor space, with 500 feet of frontage, at the foot of Fifth Avenue West, with shipping facilities unexcelled anywhere. This firm, now making a specialty of supplies for the new mining region, has already made an enviable name for itself in this great northern country, where its trade-mark, "Zenith," with the star and crescent, has been made so familiar to the trade.

TO USERS OF MACHINERY.

The attention of mine and mill operators throughout the Rainy Lake region is directed



sell them at a fair price. The company is not in a position to dump low-grade vehicles on the public, for the important business reason that it has a splendid reputation for honesty to sustain. There was only one way to establish such a reputation, and there is but one way to sustain it—namely, by employing skilled workmen, by using the best material that money can buy, and by making all the wheels, gears, shafts, bodies and tops used right in the company's own factory. The "Muckle" wheels are now standard in all Northwestern States. No other wheels are wanted. This is largely the case with the company's vehicles, too. They are constructed on such honest lines and are so perfect in point of strength, lightness, durability and elegance, that they are preferred everywhere.

All modern facilities are commanded, and every vehicle represents the latest improvements in carriage structure. Many of these valuable improvements are the company's own. It is prepared to furnish rubber-tired and ball-bearing wheels of the most perfect description. The new patent shafts and pole coupling, with patent wheels and Muckle's full-swing gears between spring and body, help constitute a vehicle that knows no rival in the carriage-manufacturing world.

These high-grade vehicles, coupled with the company's advantageous location, which en-

to the fact that the D. Clint Prescott Company of Duluth, Minn., are manufacturers of mining machinery of every description; that is, engines, hoisting machinery, ore cars, skips and cages, standard duplex and compound steam pumps, Cornish and drawing-lift pumps. They are also builders of the new Dean direct-acting steam stamp-mills now going into service in the Rainy Lake Country. The long experience of the manager of this firm in the Lake Superior mineral regions gives them a practical knowledge of the requirements in mining operations which few manufacturing institutions possess at the present time. Located at Duluth, with the largest shop in the entire Northwest outside of Chicago and Milwaukee, they are nearer to all Rainy Lake points than any other institution in the country, and convenient for consultation at any time. It would be advisable to communicate with them when in need of any machinery.

A CURE FOR CANCEROUS GROWTHS.

In coming to St. Paul with his now celebrated Australian cancer cure, Dr. R. Branch, the tumor and cancer specialist, has demonstrated to a large number of sorely afflicted residents that he can do all that he claims to do—cure these malignant growths without the use of a knife or any surgical operation whatever. All these



PHOENIX BUILDING, ST. PAUL, DR. BRANCH'S OFFICE HOME.

cases have been treated with uniform success, thus proving that the element of chance has naught to do with the treatment, but that the cures wrought are due wholly to the virtues which lie in the medicines given. Dr. Branch claims that cancers, tumors, etc., are caused by microbes in the blood. Destroy these microbes and the system is purged of the virus and the patient will be cured. The medicine which does this, builds up the whole system at the same time and in this manner enables the patient to avail himself of physical strength while opposing the disease. To destroy and drive out the virus and to build up the physical system constitute the doctor's one great object.

Doctor Branch's office is at No. 34 East Seventh Street, in the handsome Phoenix Building, over Yerxa Bros.' big grocery store. He has built up a large practice on these specialties of his, and it is growing larger and broader every day. Patients come to him for treatment from distant points; for the doctor does not merely tell them that he can effect cures; he points them to men and women whom he has already cured and who are, therefore, living witnesses to the efficacy of his system of treatment.

In past issues these columns have contained testimonials from several persons who voluntarily acknowledged their cure of cancerous growths by Doctor Branch. Since then other remarkable cures have been wrought, among them being a very dangerous cancer on the face and throat of Mr. F. H. Dayton, the popular and well-known custodian of the Ramsey County court-house. Mr. Dayton's home is at 226 Bates Avenue, on Dayton's bluff, St. Paul. The cancer was virulent and threatened his life. Finally one of the most prominent physicians in the city performed two surgical operations on him, one on the face, the other on the neck. The results were poor, for the growths returned in a short time. On the 2d day of March, 1897, Mr. Dayton began taking Doctor Branch's treatment. Within twenty-one days the sores were healed and naught but the scars remained. He was very much weakened by the two surgical operations, and the cure was the more remarkable from the fact that the medicine given had to perform its work unaided by proper physical resources. Mr. Dayton has stated that his cure is complete, and that he no doubt owes the preservation of his life to Doctor Branch. He feels like a new man, and he does not hesitate to say that the doctor's treatment is all that is claimed for it.



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E. V. SMALLEY, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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ST. PAUL, MINN.

ST. PAUL, JULY, 1897.

ENLARGING THE ERIE CANAL.

In a recent letter from Washington to the Chicago Record, William E. Curtis makes a statement in relation to the work which the State of New York is now carrying on for enlarging the Erie Canal, which will interest all our readers who are concerned in raising or transporting grain. Mr. Curtis says:

"At the election last fall the people of New York voted to expend \$9,000,000 in deepening and widening the Erie Canal and improving the locks so that they can admit two boats instead of one. When the improvements are completed, the canal will accommodate boats of eight feet draft, instead of six feet, as at present, with the capacity of 410 tons, instead of 240, as at present. The length of the boats can also be increased from ninety-eight to a maximum of 115 feet. Mechanical lifts will also be introduced upon the locks, which will be operated by the direct application of power, and at Lockport, where there are five locks together, it is proposed to combine them in one and raise the boats by compressed air. This will save about fifty per cent in the time and cost of transportation and enlarge the tonnage capacity of the fleet about seventy per cent. It will also enable the boats to make several more trips a year, and permit the same tug to haul two more boats than at present. Taking all these advantages into consideration, the capacity of the canal will be practically doubled, and the economy of transportation increased nearly forty per cent, according to the calculations of experts. That is, when the improvements are completed, 1,000,000 bushels of wheat can be carried from the lakes to tide-water at sixty per cent of the present cost. Very few horses or mules are now used on the Erie Canal. Most of the boats are propelled by steam engines or are built for tows. A steam canal-boat will push one barge and tow two which are lashed together, making four in the fleet. Sometimes two more can be added if the power of the tug is great enough. Electricity has not been a success. There have been a number of experiments, which are still going on, and there is also a scheme to run ca-

nal-boats from Buffalo to New York on a trolley. A company was formed some time ago for this purpose, but after spending a good deal of money in experiments the plan was abandoned."

THE CHATTEL MORTGAGE.

Here are some sensible remarks on chattel mortgages and the extravagant exemption laws in North Dakota. They come from the Mandan Pioneer, one of the oldest and one of the most level-headed papers in that State:

"An esteemed contemporary remarks that the chattel mortgage is a bane to the progress of this country. The chief trouble with our esteemed contemporary is that even though the mortgagor pays off a large part of his mortgage, he has no more title to the property mortgaged than before he began to pay it off. He wants it fixed so that when the mortgagor pays part of his debt, he shall with each payment become possessed of the proportion of the property that the amount paid bears to the original debt.

"We thoroughly agree with our contemporary that the chattel mortgage is a bad thing. But it must be remembered that in those States where there is the least need of them, the exemption laws are not so dishonest as in this State. Where personal liability is worth more, there men can get credit for money and goods without giving chattel mortgages. The promoters of dishonesty who got up our exemption laws doubtless thought they were doing a very smart thing. But they have since found out that if the creditor cannot find one way of securing himself he can find another way. When the time comes in North Dakota that a chattel mortgage does not mortgage—when it is weaker than it is today, then a man will not be able to obtain credit at all, so long as our exemption laws remain as they are."

A RAILROAD CONTROVERSY.

There is a very brisk controversy going on just now up in the Province of Manitoba over the scheme for subsidizing a new railroad from Winnipeg to Duluth. This scheme is strongly supported by Premier Greenway and the Liberal government of the Province, and is said to be backed up by the Liberal Ministry at Ottawa. The proposition is to give a bonus in Provincial bonds to the new road to the amount of \$3,500,000, and the project is advocated on the ground that the grain rates charged by the Canadian and Northern Pacific roads are excessive and very burdensome to the farmers, and that the building of the new line would reduce these rates from the present average of about nineteen cents per 100 pounds to a figure not exceeding ten cents. The opponents of this project have also a great deal to say in the newspapers. The substance of their argument is that only about 100 miles of the new road will lie in Manitoba, the remainder being in Minnesota, and that the proposed bonus, which amounts to about \$10,000 per mile, will build the entire line, the benefits from which will mainly accrue to the inhabitants of a foreign country. They say, further, that as very little wheat country will be penetrated in building a road from Duluth to Winnipeg, it will be necessary to construct other roads paralleling the existing lines of the Canadian Pacific and the Northern Pacific if the farmers generally throughout the Province are to derive any real benefit from the government bonus to the new line. Of course, it is not to be expected that the old road, after obtaining wheat from the farmers in the interior of Manitoba for transportation to Lake Superior, will turn it over to the new road at Winnipeg.

Without wishing to enter upon any criticism of Mr. Greenway's important new railway

scheme, we venture to suggest a way out of the difficulty presented by the last argument. The new road must certainly have branches or it will be of very little benefit to the people of Manitoba. Let the Liberal government of the Province enlarge its scheme so as to embrace the purchase of the Northern Pacific lines in Manitoba. Without betraying any secrets, we can assure the Manitoba ministers that these lines have been a great disappointment to their owners. They fall a long ways short of paying interest on the bonds issued for their construction, and we have no doubt that the Northern Pacific Company would gladly unload them for a very moderate price. These lines run through good wheat-producing regions, for the most part, and they furnish a route to Duluth, which, although not the shortest possible, is by no means circuitous; yet they do not pay, and for the reason that there is not now railway business enough in Manitoba to support the two existing competitive systems—the Canadian Pacific and the Northern Pacific. How will the case be when the third system is constructed? Will any lower rates be obtained, or will the people only be taxed in the shape of freight rates to maintain all three with a total volume of business which is not sufficient for two? It seems to us that this is a point worthy of careful consideration.

A BEGINNING IN MONTANA.

The State of Montana is about to undertake the reclamation of a large body of land in the Yellowstone Valley, near Billings, in accordance with the provisions of the Act of Congress donating to each State in the arid region one million acres of desert land under certain conditions of irrigation and settlement. The original act was passed about three years ago. Two years' experience convinced the States interested in it that it was impractical, because it provided that titles to the lands reclaimed should pass from the General Government to actual settlers, the State government acting only as intermediaries in the transaction and having no power to mortgage the lands to raise money for building canals. In April, 1896, the editor of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE went to Washington to endeavor to secure an amendment to this law which would enable the States to work under it. Finding that the session was too far advanced for a separate bill to have any chance of passage, a conference was had with leading members of the Senate Committee having the regular appropriation bills in charge. Senators Allison and Teller took a warm interest in the matter and agreed to admit to the Sundry Civil Bill any amendment which the Public Lands Committee would recommend. The desired amendment, authorizing the States to place liens upon the lands to be reclaimed to raise money for canals and ditches, was drawn up by Senator Carter and Senator Dubois and in due time it was adopted by the Senate. The Western members of the House secured from that body a concurrence in this amendment, and thus the needed change in the law was effected.

The success of the Populists and Silver Democrats in Montana last fall threw out of office the old arid lands commissioners, and new men were appointed by Governor Smith. It was feared, for a time, that these new officials would disregard the work of their predecessors, but they have shown their good sense in selecting for their first irrigation effort the identical body of lands favored by the first Commission—the Huntley Bottoms below Billings. This bottom contains 11,000 acres of Government land, 12,000 acres of Northern Pacific Railway land, one school section and one university section. The estimated cost of reclamation is

\$150,000, of which it is expected that the railroad company will pay half, leaving only \$75,000 to be raised by the State. Perpetual water rights to the land will be sold to settlers for \$12 an acre, which will make it probably the cheapest irrigated land to be had anywhere in the West. Climate and soil are very favorable to crops of small grain, hay, alfalfa, millet and roots. The raising of forage for fattening sheep and cattle taken from the adjacent ranges will be a good business.

Allowing forty acres to each irrigated farm, the Huntley tract will make over 500 farms and will easily support an agricultural population of 2,500 people. We congratulate the Arid Lands Commission of Montana on this auspicious beginning of the good work which the people of their State have placed in their hands.

DEBBS' NEW SCHEME.

We hope that Eugene V. Debbs will succeed in making a start with the co-operative colony which he proposes to locate somewhere in the State of Washington. He will get a much better class of material in his colonists than has been rallied for the many socialistic ventures made in the past on similar lines. His railway followers are not idlers or dreamers. A railway employee has to be a wide-awake, energetic sort of fellow. If Debbs succeeds in enlisting five thousand people of this class to join him in his experiment of a co-operative socialistic community, the world will watch his enterprise with a great deal of interest. Debbs is a good organizer and a natural leader of men, and he would of course be chosen as the chief ruler of the colony. It would have to elect some sort of chief magistrate; for even social republics cannot be expected to run themselves without management and rules. Debbs' general idea appears to be for all the workers in his movement to co-operate energetically in various lines of production and to divide the products and profits equally, without middlemen, merchants, lawyers, or bosses. The only successful communities of that sort thus far, have been religious in their nature. There is one in Ohio which has lasted a generation and is said to be quite prosperous. In Economy, Pennsylvania, and at Zoar, Ohio, there are others which have grown very rich by hard work and plain living. It is not probable, however, that the wives and daughters of the railroad men who enlist in Debbs' colony will be willing to dispense with fashionable attire and discard all jewelry, or that the men themselves will give up beer and tobacco and wear queer garments, as do the Zoarites and the Rappites at Economy.

The habit of discipline among railway men may serve in some sort in place of the religious motives which have produced order and regular industry in the old, successful communistic societies. And if they are thoroughly imbued with the notion that the world is going wrong and that they were born to set it right by the shining example of practical socialism, so much the better. The colonists must not expect to find any large tract of good Government land in Washington which they can homestead. No such tracts are left for original settlement where the soil is good and the rainfall ample for farming. Land must be bought, and it should be chosen carefully. We recommend Mr. Debbs to investigate two regions of the State—the Palouse Country, south of Spokane, and the irrigated and irrigable stretches of the Yakima Valley. His whole proposed colony could easily be located at once under the big Sunnyside Canal, and could set to work from the start raising fruits, vegetables and alfalfa. Or, if the Palouse Country be preferred, it will not be difficult to buy enough farming land near a railway station to accommodate all the

settlers. In that region no irrigation is necessary. The climate is excellent, and the soil yields heavy crops of small grains and roots. It is an apple country, and there is timber in abundance on the near mountain ranges.

The people of Washington will undoubtedly welcome such a large body of capable people as Mr. Debbs intends to associate in his enterprise. They will not take much stock in his plan for revolutionizing the government of the State and converting it into a sort of French or German socialism, nor will they have any faith in the endurance of the co-operative feature of the Debbs scheme. They will expect that to work out a failure in two or three years after the first enthusiasm has abated and clashing ambitions and selfishness begin to manifest themselves; but they will know that the colonists will be worthy and self-supporting people, who will remain in the State as good citizens when they go back to the old, individual plan of living—which plan seems to be natural for the human race, at least in its present stage of development. The farmer will perhaps be a better farmer, and the blacksmith a better blacksmith, when they work for themselves and not for the benefit of a co-operative colony of which they are members.

A FOSSILIZED TREE IN IDAHO.

Petrified wood is plentiful in the Rocky Mountain region, but perhaps the large fossilized tree of Clover Creek, in this State, says the Pocatello (Id.) *Tribune*, is something out of the usual order. J. P. Heller, of Clover Creek, was in Hailey the other day, and had specimens of this curiosity in his possession. The tree in question is located on Government land adjoining Hubbard Davis' ranch, being about seven miles from Bliss. It was discovered two years ago by a party of surveyors. It stands perpendicularly as it grew, with all its branches intact. When found, the top of it stood above ground about four feet, and this led to the discovery. The variety of the tree is oak,—probably burr-oak,—and some very beautiful specimens have been taken from it and sold for fifty cents to one dollar per pound. Heller and partner have been working the tree for samples and have shipped about two tons to Foote Brothers, of Philadelphia, where they have sold it at a good price. They have uncovered the main trunk of the tree from the surface of the ground down to a depth of twenty-seven feet. At this point the tree is six feet in diameter. The height of it is not known, but a man is now at work stripping the trunk. The formation about the tree seems to be clayey. Heller says that the slabs from the tree, cut sectionally, make fine table-tops and bring fancy prices. It is probable that there are other similar remains in the vicinity, but much prospecting for them has as yet failed to reveal any.

A LASSO MADE OF WOMEN'S HAIR.—Up the Wenatchee Valley, on the Upper Columbia River, lives an old Indian chief named Le Pier who is the owner of a most remarkable souvenir of the early days on the Western frontier. It is a lasso fifty feet long and made entirely from the hair taken from scalps of white women. Though the old Indian allows but few people to see it, those who have seen it say that it shows the dark tresses of brunette women, mingled with brown and auburn and, in half a dozen places, yellow. There are traces of gray and white twisted here and there in the strange lariat. It is believed that about thirty women were scalped to make this fearful relic, nearly all of whom were the wives and daughters of settlers in Blackfoot Valley. Old Le Pier sets a high value on the greswome thing, believing it to have some occult power.—*Yakima (Wash.) Herald*.



ALL prospects continue to point to an unusually large wheat-crop this year in Minnesota and the Dakotas. The effect on the business of the Twin Cities will be felt immediately after the harvest and will greatly stimulate all branches of trade. In fact, there is already a good deal of cheery courage and enterprise shown by our merchants and manufacturers. Bank exchanges are increasing, the jobbing houses are doing a very fair business, and collections are reported easier everywhere. The business skies are evidently brightening up all around the horizon.

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AN observant railroad manager, who returned lately to St. Paul from a trip through the new British Columbia mining districts, said that one thing which impressed him strongly was the perfect order maintained in all the camps, and that, too, with very little showing of police force. The rough element, which often makes great trouble in mining camps in the United States, seems to recognize in the British country that the magistrate and the policeman have back of them the whole power of Great Britain and that it would be a fool business to attempt to trifle with them. The courts deal promptly with all offenders, and crimes are rare.

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THE supreme court of the State of Washington has knocked out, as unconstitutional, the law passed by the recent Legislature exempting from taxation \$500 worth of all improvements on land and \$500 worth of personal property. The constitution of Washington contains the provision, found in most State constitutions, that all property shall be equally taxed. It appears that the validity of exemption acts has not before been contested. There is a general feeling throughout the country that all kinds of property should bear an equal burden of taxation, and this feeling may result in bringing into question the constitutionality of exemption statutes in other States.

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THE Great Northern is going to build its line from Fosston to a connection at Deer River with the old Duluth and Winnipeg, in order to open a short route to Lake Superior from the grain-fields of the Lower Red River Valley. This new line is likely to have a marked effect on grain rates from a large part of the American hard-wheat belt, and Premier Greenway's road from Winnipeg to Duluth will assuredly extend this influence into Manitoba. This will be good news for the farmers, but railway stockholders may not look upon it with sentiments of unmixed satisfaction. They are beginning to ask, everywhere, where the tendency towards lower and still lower rates, which has been so marked of late years, is going to stop.

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THE enormous production of silver and gold in the new mines of British Columbia has led to a very novel experiment in the shape of organizing a large prospecting party consisting, at last accounts, of 150 men under command of a captain who is called Big Jim Brazell and whose idea is that, by scouring the country thoroughly, mineral veins will be found which

will develop into very profitable new mines. Brazell's original idea was to persuade the English Government to send out a party of 1,500 prospectors, but, failing in this, he has fallen back on his own resources and has put one-tenth of that number in the field. He thinks that prospecting heretofore has been all chance and luck-work, carried on by individuals, and that a thorough examination of large districts of country will produce much greater results.

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□THE mineral output of Montana increases year by year. According to Eugene Braden, in charge of the U. S. Assay Office at Helena, the total production for 1896 was \$50,732,099.13, divided as follows: Gold, 211,914,961 fine ounces, valued at \$4,380,671; silver, 15,720,022.44 fine ounces, having a coinage value of \$20,324,877.47; copper, 232,096,483 fine pounds, valued at \$25,356,540.77; lead, 22,521,340 fine pounds, valued at \$670,009.87. Estimating the voting population in Montana at 50,000, this shows that the production of metal was \$1,014.45 per capita of the male population over the age of twenty-one years. Nevertheless, there seems to be about as much complaint of hard times out in that rich State as in any other part of the country. It may be, however, that the hard times there represent a mental condition rather than actual fact. People have become so accustomed to grumbling that they do not know how to leave off.

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OUR valued contemporary, the Lewiston (Idaho) *Teller*, discusses the disappearance of the range cattle from the hills, and says that the days of great ranging are gone by and that the rancher with his thousands of cattle ranging on Government land has been forced from the business by the farmer whose wire fence has cut almost the last acre from the great ranges of the Northwest. The observation of the *Teller* has evidently been limited to the country in Northern Idaho, which is good for wheat as well as for grass. If the editor were familiar with the vast arid plains which lie east of the Rockies and which can never by any possibility be brought under profitable cultivation, he would take a different view of the future of the range-cattle industry. The picturesque cowboy will no more disappear from these immense areas of territory than the herdsmen will vanish from the great dry plains of Thibet and Tartary.

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It will take our Western cities a few years longer to grow up to the full measure of their present conveniences and accommodations for people and business. In their building zeal during the good times they all got somewhat ahead of the procession of solid, permanent population. Even the biggest of them all, Chicago, is said to have 30,000 vacant flats and dwellings and a very large number of empty stores. We need not look for any activity in unimproved real estate until a new building movement creates a fresh and strong demand for lots. That time cannot be far distant, however. In our own city of St. Paul, and in its sister city, Minneapolis, there are now fewer unoccupied houses than at any time since 1893—the year of general financial disaster. Such building as is going on this summer is mainly of dwellings for people who build for their own use. The low price of rents still discourages the erection of tenements.

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THE most valuable tree of the Pacific Coast for the general purposes of lumber is unquestionably the Douglas fir, which is found in all the region between the Cascade Mountains and the sea. Robert Douglas, the distinguished arboriculturist in whose honor this tree was

named, died recently at his home at Waukegan, Illinois, at the ripe age of eighty-four. He visited the Pacific Coast in 1849. Afterwards he settled in Kansas, and there he was the first man to engage in raising forests from seedling trees. He planted large forests near Farlington, in Kansas, and elsewhere, and his counsel has always been in demand wherever forest problems were studied in this country, as for example, at the Leland Stanford University in California and George W. Vanderbilt's estate at Biltmore, N. C. He was one of the trusted assistants of Professor Sargent in gathering data for his forest report of the Xth Census, and many of the specimens in the Jesup collection of woods in the Museum of Natural History here were collected by him. No one in his time has devoted himself to the study of trees with greater intelligence or success, and no one has done more to increase the love for them or to encourage the planting of them in the United States. Mr. Douglas was a man of singularly lovable character—a most agreeable companion and the truest of friends. He was born near Newcastle, England, came to Canada in 1836, and a few years later made his way to the then almost uninhabited shores of Lake Michigan.

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THE staple lumber of all the big saw-mills in Washington, Oregon and British Columbia is the Douglas fir. In the early days of the settlement of the Coast it was commonly called "Oregon pine," although it in no way resembles pine. In strength, it nearly equals oak. It is an excellent material for general building purposes and for bridges and ship-timbers; and the fact that it can be sawed in large, long, clean timbers, makes it salable in the East for "dimensions," notwithstanding the long railway haul. The writer of these notes saw a large vessel being loaded at Tacoma, lately, with fir timbers for Scotland. California, Mexico and South America consume large quantities of fir lumber, and a good deal is exported to the west coast of South Africa for use in the new mining districts. The Douglas fir has a wide range of habitat, extending from California up to Alaska, but the best trees for lumber are found in Oregon, Washington, and in the southern part of British Columbia.

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THE Tacoma *Ledger* finds fault with an article published recently in the Chicago *Times-Herald* and written by the editor of this magazine, on the reaction from the boom times in the Puget Sound cities. The only point made by the *Ledger*, however, is that the writer of this article did not say that many other cities have had booms and have suffered from their excesses in the way of over-speculation and over-population. This is true, but the writer was not attempting to cover the whole United States in his article. He knew very well that there are hundreds of cities and towns, in the older West as well as on the Pacific Coast, that were over-boomed during those years of enthusiasm, wild expectations and excessive activity in town building. The purpose of the article in question was not to show that there is anything exceptional in the prostration that had prevailed since 1893 in Seattle and Tacoma, but rather to call attention to the energy and good sense of the people of those cities which has enabled them to build up their local industries, to make the most of their natural opportunities for commerce and trade and to support themselves from the resources of the country immediately tributary to them, without any help whatever from Eastern investors, speculators or boomers. It is certainly true, as the *Ledger* says, that even Chicago, with its population of nearly 2,000,000, has suffered as severe a reverse, since the days of the World's Fair, as has any town

west of the Rockies. It is also true, as our contemporary points out, that there are many good and lasting results derived from the enthusiasm and confidence of a boom period. Business plants and local improvements are secured during such a period in a very few years' time, for which a slow-going town may have to wait an entire generation. Nevertheless, it will not be at all wise for the people of any of our Western towns and cities to lose any time in recalling the easy money-making and swift development of those glorious boom days, or to base any business calculations on the return of the conditions of a period which is gone forever. New times of active speculation and inflated values will no doubt come, but they will not at all equal those years of rapid railway building and of prodigious development in a new country first thrown open to easy access from the East.

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A VERY bright and interesting pamphlet on the "Mining Belts of the Pacific Northwest" has just been issued by the passenger department of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company. The author is Pat Donan, the celebrated boomer who figured prominently during the great rush to North Dakota in those good and glorious days of long ago, upon which we all look back with regret that they did not last. Donan is a boomer by nature, and one of the most ardent type. He thinks that booms ought to last forever, and his last words in this pamphlet are printed in big black type and declare that "The big booms are yet to come." The reader will soon find that he must make allowances on every page for Donan's exuberant enthusiasm, but he will find that the statements of facts concerning the new mines can be depended on, and that it is only the rhetoric that must be taken with a few grains of the salt of conservatism. An excellent map accompanies the pamphlet. Copies can be had by addressing W. H. Hurlburt, G. P. A. of the O. R. & N. Co., Portland, Oregon.

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A SHORT time ago the *Spokesman-Review* of Spokane, Washington, offered a cash prize for the best poem dedicated to the Spokane River, the poem to be limited to twenty lines. Of the ninety-nine poems that were examined by the judges, the following, by Mrs. Sara F. Archer, of Spokane, was awarded the prize:

O beautiful river, sweep into the west
With the shadow of hemlock and fir on thy breast;
With the glint of the green in thy cool, crystal wave
Thou hast stolen from hills that thy swift waters lave.

In the lake, hill-encircled, thy rushing rills meet;
Down, down from the heights come their hurrying feet.
From the heart of the mountains thy bright torrent drains;

Thy sources are deep in the dim Cœur d'Alenes.

Convulsions volcanic thy stern bed have made;
In basalt and granite thy couch has been laid;
'Tis veined with the onyx and 'broidered with gold,
And into its gorges thy liquid life rolled.

High over thy head croons the sentinel pine;
Deep into thy bosom the watchful stars shine;
The tamaracks gaze on thy foam-covered face,
And shivering stand in the breath of thy race.

Columbia thunders; its echoes invite;
Deep answers to deep in the cataract's might.
Speed on to thy nuptials, exulting in pride,
And the peerless Spokane is Columbia's bride!

While Mrs. Archer's poem possesses great merit, there were several other contributions that were scarcely less meritorious. The successful contestant is a teacher in the Spokane schools, and a lady of literary taste and ability. When the Chicago *Tribune* offered a prize for the best story, a few years ago, it was this same Mrs. Archer who won it. The *Spokesman-Review* has only succeeded in emphasizing the fact, long known, that the Pacific Coast is as rich in literary promise as it is in other respects.



Live-stock parade of prize winners at the Winnipeg Fair in 1896. This parade was over three-quarters of a mile in length.

WINNIPEG'S GREAT INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

The success of the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition dates from its organization in 1890-91. Founded in honesty of purpose and conducted on the same lines, it has since grown to very important proportions and vies successfully with the largest fairs and industrial expositions of the great Northwest. The first exhibition in 1891 was attended by 8,000 persons; the fifth annual exhibition, held in 1896, was attended by 40,000 persons—an increase which shows a remarkable growth of population as well as of interest in the fair itself. Large as this attendance was, however, there are indications that the Sixth Annual Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition, which will open July 19 and continue until July 25, will outrank all the previous exhibitions in every respect. The cash prizes offered amount to \$15,000. Buildings have been enlarged, new ones have been erected, and from every point of view the association is in better shape than ever to show to the world the varied products and resources of the rich Province of Manitoba.

These annual exhibits are worth thousands of dollars to Manitoba farmers and stock-growers. It shows them what the Province can produce; it keeps agriculturists in close touch with progressive methods, fosters a spirit of emulation and raises the standard of their products. Art, science and the manufactures will all be represented at this exposition, and those who attend will have it in their power to gain broad knowledge at trifling cost.

The Exhibition Association, under the wise management of F. W. Heubach, has arranged for purely entertainment features as well. There will be a wonderful pyrotechnic presentation of the "Siege of Algiers," athletic sports, and many other pleasure-giving novelties which will serve to offset the heavier attractions found in the industrial departments of the fair.

Inasmuch as this fair is so largely attended by Americans from across the boundary line and from more distant points, the Northern Pacific and Great Northern railways have decided to make exceedingly low excursion rates to Winnipeg from points as far south as Grand Forks, Fargo, Crookston, etc. These trains will run as daylight excursions, if possible, so that passengers may go and return the same day. Our Canadian cousins will certainly extend a hearty welcome to all visitors, and there now seems little doubt that their hospitality will be taxed to the utmost.

It has called for hard work on the part of the

promoters to establish this great industrial exhibition on a firm basis, but, now that this has been accomplished, Manitoba is in position to invite the whole world to come to Winnipeg once a year and see her wealth of live stock, her bursting granaries, her thriving cities and towns, and, above all, perhaps, the fertile soils to which all these supplementary resources owe their being. There may well be a spirit of rivalry between the American and the Canadian sides of the international boundary line, but this spirit is of so generous a character that neither will withhold from the other a just measure of praise for the grand results already attained. These great industrial expositions teach neighboring people to respect one another. Winnipeg's big fair will be fully as instructive to outsiders as it will be to residents of the Province, and it is altogether probable that many Americans will take advantage of the low excursion rates to see both Winnipeg and her annual Industrious Exhibition.

WHEN ONE GOES TO WINNIPEG.

When going to Winnipeg, that thriving city in the Province of Manitoba, Canada, travelers will find that one of the most conveniently located houses there is the Winnipeg Hotel at 218 Main Street. It is only one block from the Northern Pacific Depot, so near that the payment of hack or bus fare is rendered unnecessary. It is also near the establishment of the great Hudson's Bay Company, and all street-cars stop opposite the hotel and from this point run to every part of the city. The house is conducted on the American plan, the rate being only one dollar per day. Montgomery Bros., the courteous proprietors, have the reputation of running a thoroughly good house and of giving full value for every dollar paid them. There are forty well-furnished rooms, and a dining-room that is noted for its prompt service and excellent menu. Nothing is too good for Montgomery Bros' guests.

POWERFUL SURETY COMPANIES.

The necessity for powerful corporations like the American Bonding and Trust Company, the home office of which is in Baltimore, Md., is now felt in every quarter where financial risk is involved. This great company has a large capital and is accepted as sole surety on bonds of Government officials, agents and contractors,

on bonds of State, county and municipal officials, on receivers' bonds and on bonds required of bank officers, employees, lodges, societies, etc. The St. Paul branch is managed by Jas. A. Nowell, whose office is in the Globe building. He is a good man for the position, and it is due to his well-known popularity and energy that the company has so many regular patrons in this city.

MAGICAL CLIMATIC CHANGES.

The most wonderful climate barrier in the United States is that of the Cascade Mountains, Washington. In winter-time the railway train toils up the eastern slope of these mountains between walls of snow higher than the roofs of the cars, in a long, winding lane scooped out by the rotary plow.

Once through the tunnel on the Northern Pacific, or over the switchback on the Great Northern, a correspondent of the New York *Sun* says, you suddenly leave winter behind you, and, whirling down the western slope of the mountains, in less than an hour you meet the full spring. The grass is green, the water-fowls swim on the rivers and bays, the crows are holding their annual conventions in the tree tops with much oratorical clamor, and when you arrive at the Sound cities you find the flowers blooming in the dooryards. The change seems magical and is as great as if you should start from Chicago in midwinter and travel to the Gulf of Mexico; yet, the whole distance you have traversed to bring about this wonderful transformation is less than 100 miles.

The most peculiar climate region with which I am familiar is the Puget Sound Basin, in the State of Washington. It is separated from the ocean on the west by the rugged snow-clad range of the Olympic Mountains, and its eastern boundary is the still loftier range of the Cascades.

The mountains at Vancouver Island on one side and the Olympics on the other, make of the strait an enormous funnel, and the moisture-laden winds are condensed against the cold, snowy ranges on either hand, and are precipitated in frequent showers on the shores of the Sound. It rarely snows there, but it rains a little almost every day from October to June. The result is to produce a dense vegetable growth in the forest, consisting of immense trees—firs, hemlocks, spruce and cedars—and of undergrowth so dense that it is almost impossible to force your way through it without hard work with an ax.



HON. THOS. GREENWAY, MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE AND IMMIGRATION, WINNIPEG, MAN.



A 200,000-bushel elevator is now under way in Fond du Lac.

Eau Claire is going to put up a new \$12,000 schoolhouse.

Stevens Point is building many new houses and a \$15,000 Catholic church.

St. Mary's congregation is erecting a \$40,000 church at South Kaukauna. It will seat 1,200.

Besides other notable improvements, Chippewa Falls is going to have a new \$40,000 Episcopal church.

It is rumored that the Great Northern Elevator Co. will erect another large elevator at West Superior.

The State Reformatory has been located at Green Bay, and a building to cost \$75,000 will be erected at once.

Menomonie Falls' new manual training school will cost \$60,000. The town's new high school building will cost \$40,000.

A thriving shirt and overall factory in Fond du Lac is run entirely by women. The president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, are all young and unmarried, and nearly all the stockholders are workers in the factory. The concern now turns out twenty-five dozen negligee shirts daily. The directors leased a building which was put up especially for them, and business men think that there is every reason to predict success for the novel enterprise. The factory started ten months ago with fourteen regular and five special machines; now it has twenty-four regular and six special machines. The incorporation guarantees its shareholders seven per cent on their investment. The wages earned are \$4 to \$12 a week, according to the skill of the operative, the work being done by the piece. Thus far there has been a balance each month above expenses and wages, and orders on hand are sufficient to provide for the entire output for over two months ahead. The capital was originally \$1,200, divided into twelve shares of \$100; it was afterwards increased to \$2,000.

Minnesota.

St. Cloud will have a new \$15,000 opera-house.

A new \$15,000 hotel is to be built in Blue Earth City.

Stanke Bros. will erect a large packing-house in Winona.

Sackett & Fay's flour-mill at St. Peter will be rebuilt at a cost of \$12,000.

Sauk Rapids wants a stock-company flour-mill of 100-barrel capacity, to cost \$10,000.

Fine brick blocks are being erected in Springfield. One of them will cost about \$7,000.

Winnebago City's new opera-house will cost about \$7,000. The new schoolhouse there will cost \$16,400.

A discovery of a large body of elegant white stone has been made at the Knopp quarry near Winona. It is regarded as very important.

The fourth annual convention of the State Dairymen's Association was held in Crookston on June 17 and 18. It was well attended.

The State Fair will be held at Hamline Sept. 6 to Sept. 11 inclusive. Liberal premiums will be offered, and the fair promises to be the most successful yet held in Minnesota.

Three large brick blocks are contracted for in St. James. Minnesota towns are very generally engaged in making building improvements, both in residence and business properties.

New school building projects are numerous. One in Claremont will cost \$7,000, Red Wing's addition to the high school will cost \$15,000, and other towns are building schoolhouses varying in cost from \$3,000 to \$8,500.

The Aztec copper property near Lakewood, a small town on Lake Superior and not far from Duluth, is

now controlled by Chicago parties who will at once develop it. Four experts have passed on the property, after careful examination, and they agree that there are excellent indications that it is valuable for its copper deposits.

There is great activity throughout the State among church societies. Chatfield is building a \$4,500 Presbyterian church, Melrose is erecting a \$45,000 Catholic church, and Blue Earth City Presbyterians are putting up a new \$10,000 brick house of worship.

The Minnesota Grass Twine Company was incorporated recently with a capital stock of \$250,000. The company will do business in St. Paul and manufacture binding twine, rope, bags and similar products. It is asserted that the process to be adopted by the new company will permit of making superior twine and rope. The raw material can easily be obtained in this State.

North Dakota.

Bismarck will soon have a sausage factory.

The State Fair will be held at Mandan Sept. 28, 29 and 30, and Oct. 1.

A new hotel to be called the Pacific will be erected at Fargo on the site of the old Headquarters.

Ellendale business men are raising a bonus of \$1,500 for the establishment of a 100-barrel flour-mill.

At Carrington, where there are so many German Baptist tillers of the soil, an \$8,000 schoolhouse will be constructed.

Fargo expects to have a first-class linseed oil-mill soon. There ought to be no difficulty in maintaining such an industry there.

Sheldon takes great pride in its fine 125-barrel flour-mill. It is under experienced management, and the product is said to equal the best.

Sheldon seems to be very prosperous this season. Jas. K. Banks will erect a brick block, A. B. Rudd contemplates erecting a store building, the bank will erect a two-story brick block, C. F. Schroeder will erect a brick building, Goodman & Grange will erect a brick building, and Fowler & Banks will erect two buildings.

The Bismarck *Tribune* says that the Russian settlers who arrived in that city on their way to Mercer County a few weeks ago, are the first of a number who will be brought to that section by the Northern Pacific with a view to settling up the thousands of acres of Government and railroad lands in that locality. The new county of Stark has in the past few months received a number of new settlers, and the records of the land office show the many persons who have taken up land this spring, besides those who have settled on railroad land.

South Dakota.

Canton will soon be able to house its guests in a new \$15,000 hotel.

A new brick block in Madison will cost about \$10,000. This is one of the most enterprising towns in the State. They are always doing something there.

Aberdeen's extensive bottling-works plant is proving to be a very successful business venture. Its products have a wide reputation and ready market.

Hutchinson County will have one more creamery, making six in all. The creamery at Parkson receives nearly 35,000 pounds of milk daily. This industry is making rapid progress in the State.

Lead City, in the Black Hills, is proud of possessing one of the finest post-office buildings in the State. The first story of the building is used for the post-office, and the second for a public reading-room and library. The interior is arranged with the most modern improvements and has accommodations for 900 boxes.

According to the Aberdeen *Sentinel*, that town and many other towns in the State have not experienced so great business activity since 1892. "Everyone seems to take it for granted that the country is at the eve of a period of prosperity, and are acting accordingly. If we but succeed in producing a medium crop, there is not the slightest doubt that times will be better than for several years past."

Edgemont, in the Black Hills, received a visit recently from New York and Pennsylvania capitalists. Ex-Gov. Bradley and several others purchased a site for a packing-house near the town, and left orders for the immediate erection of stockyards and buildings. They are agitating the question of a new sewerage system, a new hotel, a dozen new dwelling houses and the

smelter, which is to be completed as soon as possible for their works at Galena. The woolen-mill is also to be put in operation.

Montana.

The Garnet Gold Mining Company will erect a new twenty-stamp mill at Pony.

Henry Altenbrand, of New York, proposes to establish a beet sugar factory at Bozeman to cost \$300,000.

A Missoula brickyard has received a contract to make 1,000,000 brick for the State University there. They will cost \$7 per thousand.

A prospector operating in the Hassel District recently picked up a nugget that weighed \$441 in gold. A smaller one was found a few days previous in the same locality.

Excavation has been begun for the public library to be erected by Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, of California, at Main and Fourth streets, Anaconda. It will cost between \$25,000 and \$40,000.

The university building commission will erect a main building, science hall and a dormitory, at a cost of \$47,500, at Missoula. The Masonic fraternity will build a \$15,000 temple in the same town.

It is the unanimous opinion of sheepmen throughout Montana that this year's clip will be much heavier than that of last year, and also of a much better quality, owing to the mild winter.—*Dillon Examiner*.

A six-story business block, constructed of steel and equipped with two passenger elevators and all modern improvements and facilities, is being erected in Butte by Chicago men. It will cost \$200,000 and be the handsomest building in the city.

Missoula shows every indication of prosperous times. Many new houses are being built, some of them very costly; a large brick business block is underway, the university buildings will soon be started, and the new hospital will also help to create a demand for labor and increase the expenditure of money. Missoula will always be a good place to reside in.

Idaho.

Business at the Lewiston land office for the month of May was as follows: Seventy homestead entries embracing 9,771.98 acres; eleven final homesteads, 1,665.61 acres; seven contests and twenty-four relinquishments filed; nine cash entries, 328.95 acres; three soldiers' declaratory statements, and twenty-seven State selections of 160 acres each, divided between the normal schools, scientific schools, agricultural college and insane asylum.

The Tiger-Poorman mine at Burke, in the Cœur d'Alenes, shipped 1,980 tons of concentrates for the twenty-seven working days of May. Its mammoth new plant is believed to be the biggest single concentrator plant on the Pacific Coast. It works to perfection and is hoisting 400 tons of ore daily from the 1,100-foot level. One hundred and fifty men are employed, and the mine and mill are working night and day. The monthly expenditures are about \$27,000, and the average wages are \$3.75 per day. In the mine development work is well ahead. They are still sinking on the main shaft, which is now down 1,200 feet, with a fourteen-foot ore body.—*Murray Sun*.

The mining outlook was never better in Idaho than it is at the present time. Good reports come right along from the southern part of the State; new ore bodies are being discovered, old ground is being reworked, and mining men generally are feeling more hopeful than they have for some time past. Unless something unforeseen should occur, the present will prove the banner year in the history of the Cœur d'Alene mines. A conservative estimate places the product of concentrates and first-class ore at 10,000 tons a month. When improvements now under way at the Frisco and other properties are completed, it is safe to say that the product will be increased by 4,000 to 6,000 tons a month. The product of the Nine-Mile and Sunset Peak mines is not included in the estimate. There is no good reason why this section should not be one of the most prosperous in the world.—*Wallace Press*.

Oregon.

The Pioneer Mill Company of Island City, in Union County, has received orders for 500 sacks or ten carloads of flour for direct shipment to China. This was in competition with bids from fifteen different mills in Eastern Oregon and Washington. The Chinese expert who made a glutinous test of samples, selected that of the Pioneer mill.

The Virtue mine, a few miles from Baker City, at a depth of 600 feet is taking out some very rich ore and

shipping it direct to the mint at San Francisco. A new find has lately been made consisting of a ten-foot vein of free-milling ore, found in cross-cutting. There are 125 men employed at present, and the monthly output reaches the comfortable figure of \$45,000. A twenty-stamp mill is operated and the mine is equipped with a hoist capable of sinking 1,000 feet.

The Bonanza mine in Baker County is sending in from \$25,000 to \$30,000 monthly. Last year it paid nearly \$300,000. Very recently the Geiser boys refused an offer of \$700,000 for the property. A bit of history is connected with the property that is romantic. The Bonanza came into possession of the mother of the owner on a debt of \$300. The boys concluded that they might as well work it. Two years ago they had a good enough showing to warrant them in asking a Mr. Bunting \$50,000 for the mine. He let it pass, and the property is now worth more than ten times as much as he could have purchased it for.

One of the largest placer-mining projects ever started in this country is to be carried out this summer by the Prescott Placer Dredging Company, incorporated with a capital stock of \$250,000, says the Tacoma (Wash.) *Leader*. The big Bowers dredger Anaconda, now working on the Seattle tide-flats, will be sent about July 1 to the Rogue River, in Southern Oregon, to take out gold-bearing sand from the banks and bottom of the river at the rate of 4,000 cubic yards per day. This sand runs from fifteen cents to \$1 in gold per cubic yard. The company has ascertained by a series of experiments that sand yielding fifteen cents per yard can be worked at a profit.

Washington.

Blaine is to have another salmon cannery.

The Montesano Creamery Company is receiving between three and four tons of milk daily.

Several creamery plants are about to be established in Clallam County. The Beaver *Leader* is quite enthusiastic over the outlook for a thriving dairy industry in that section.

The Yakima *Herald* says that the bee industry is growing very rapidly in Yakima County. It is estimated that there are now 200 colonies scattered about the various valleys.

Ryan & Cresser have sold their interest in the Republic claim to Patrick Clark, the well-known mining man of Spokane, for \$55,000 cash. The mine is located on the Colville Indian Reservation, at Eureka camp.

Thirty-two thousand tons of coal were exported from Tacoma in May. Compared with 1896, the total output of coal during the first five months of this year exceeds last year's shipments by 10,000 tons.

The Tacoma *West Coast Trade* says that the Palouse Land Company was incorporated recently, with \$350,000 capital stock, for the purpose of irrigating and improving farm lands. The company will take up the work of the old Palouse Irrigation Company in Whitman, Adams and Franklin counties, irrigating about 12,000 acres. It is a Tacoma company.

W. H. Remington of Salt Lake City, Utah, and Wm. Selover of Portland, Ore., representing the Occidental Smelting and Refining Company, having a capital of \$1,000,000, will in all probability construct a large smelter and refining plant in Seattle. Citizens will subscribe \$100,000 to the capital stock of the company and donate a site. It is to be a 400-ton plant, and must be finished within nine months and be free from incumbrance before subscriptions shall be due and payable. The smelter, etc., will cost about \$300,000.

Fruit and crop prospects are good. The Hoquiam *Washingtonian* says: "Never in the history of Chehalis County have the farmers had so favorable an outlook for fruit and crop prospects as at present. And the best of it is that prices are almost certain to be good. In fact, it looks as if the farmers of Washington were at last going to get an inning again, and when the farmer prospers we all get the benefit." The *Whatcom Blade* says: "There never was a time in the history of Whatcom County when such a large yield of fruits of all kinds was so promising."

The Butte (Mont.) *Western Mining World* says: "It is a fact not generally known, but one of special interest to the people of Snohomish County, Wash., that the output of the Pride and Mystery mines at Monte Cristo is now greater than the combined output of the eleven shipping mines of the much-advertised Trail Creek, B. C. District, including the War Eagle and Le Roi. Last week the output of the Pride and Mystery was over 1,500 tons of ore, while the average for the last year has been from 1,000 to 1,200 tons. The combined output from Trail Creek is given as 1,200 a week."

Canadian Northwest.

Spokane and Rossland are now connected by telephone.

Canada's present population, as estimated by the Department of Agriculture, is 5,125,436, a gain of 226,328 since 1892.

Nelson, B. C., is just now enjoying a building boom. There are in course of construction several good brick business blocks.

Winnipeg's great Industrial Exposition will open July 19 and continue one week. The prizes offered aggregate \$15,000.

The Lake of the Woods Milling Company, with mills at Keewatin, Ont., and at Winnipeg, Man., will build eight additional elevators in those Provinces.

The Le Roi Mining Company of Trail Creek declared a 5-cent dividend recently. It amounted to \$25,000 and makes the total dividend payments, so far, reach \$425,000.

The Butchart mining property in the Seine River District, Ont., is being developed and shows up well. A two-stamp mill will be put in. The mine is near the famous Foley property.

Dryden, the new Ontario town founded by Ontario's minister of agriculture, eighty miles east of Rat Portage and near Lake Wabigoon, is growing rapidly, the population being about 300.

The Bank of British North America has established a branch at Slocan City, B. C. It now has seven branches in British Columbia, at Victoria, Vancouver, Trail, Rossland, Sandon, Kaslo and Slocan City.

A vein of asbestos four and one-half inches wide has been discovered on Fish Creek, about twenty-five miles from Calgary. The specimen of mineral brought to the town has been pronounced of a particularly valuable quality.—*Calgary (Alberta) Tribune*.

The C. P. R. has let the contract for the remainder of the Slocan branch of the Columbia & Kootenai Railway to J. G. McLean & Co. of Nelson and Seattle. The road is to be completed by October 15. This will give easy communication between the C. P. R. main line at Revelstoke and the Nelson and Rossland districts.

A correspondent writes this magazine that the rush now being made to the Fort Steele, B. C. Country is destined to make that section very prominent. The principle properties are the Sullivan group, bought by a smelting company and in which Colonel Ridpath is interested; the North Star, which is said to be equal to, if not greater than, the Slocan Star, two million dollars having been offered for it; the Midnight group; the Dibble group, which has a very high grade of ore, and the Dardanelles—another good property in which Colonel Ridpath & Company are interested. The camp lies about forty-five miles due north of the Yakk Mining District and about fifty miles from the Slocan Country. In the early days, Wild Horse Creek furnished millions of placer gold. Mount Creek, and Prairie and Weaver Creeks, are also gold camps. As the Crows Nest Railroad is now an assured fact, it is only a matter of some few months when Fort Steele will have transportation equal to Rossland, and then one may expect a greater boom in mining than has, perhaps, ever been known in the Northwest country.

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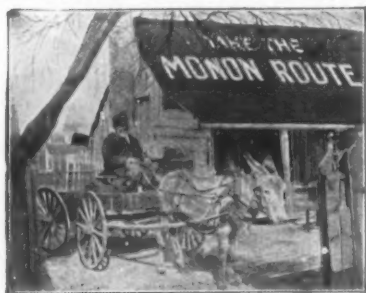
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migration, investors, tourists and seekers after health. It is in every way a valuable contribution to the current literature of the day, and is calculated to be of great service to the State of Texas. A copy of this publication will be delivered free on application to the undersigned, or mailed to any address on receipt of eight cents postage. **Bissell Wilson, D. P. A., 111 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.**

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A glance at the accompanying map will show that the shortest and most direct route from all Eastern and Southern points to the new Minnesota-Ontario gold-fields, better known as the Rainy Lake and Seine River districts, is via the North-Western Line to Duluth. Intending visitors from Omaha, Kansas City, St. Joseph and all Eastern, Southern and Western localities, will find the North-Western system well adapted to their needs. After reaching Duluth a transfer is made to the Duluth & Iron Range Railway to Tower, a good supply point. From Tower a steamer is taken to Portage, from Portage a stage is taken to Harding, and then a steamer carries one over Crane Lake to Rainy Lake and Seine River.

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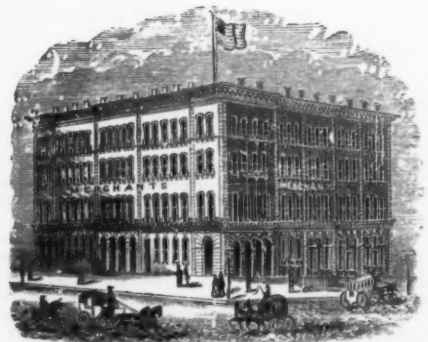
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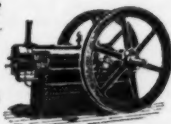
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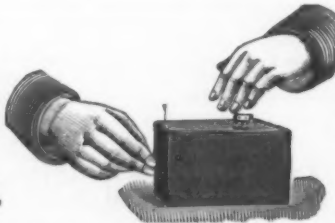
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optician, Mr. G. D. BRUCE TUDOR, M. A. O., is a New York
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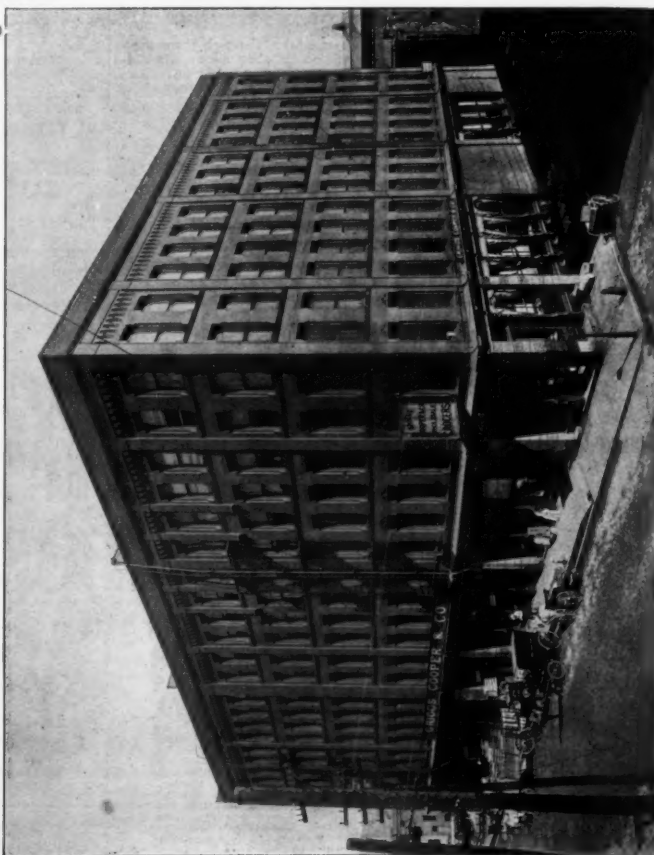
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ITEMS OF INTEREST.

GOLD BRICKS FOR THE QUEEN.—A movement was started by the mine owners in the Kootenai Country, B. C., not long ago, to send a valuable testimonial to Queen Victoria in honor of the great jubilee. The gift comprises a goodly number of bars of gold and silver bullion, one tiny gold brick being worth over \$100.

A YOUNG GIRL'S LUCKY STRIKE.—Last winter a young girl named Ida Wilson drifted into Deadwood with her invalid father, and this spring, when he died, she found herself in destitute circumstances and decided to go prospecting in the Black Hills. She knew nothing of the business, acting entirely on the theory that chance might favor her as it had others. She began work some distance north of the little town of Spearfish and on Red Water Creek, and luck, pluck, and the strength which usually accompanies a healthy young woman eighteen years of age, led her to a "pocket" from which she has already taken \$4,500 worth of yellow gold, and from which she expects to take at least \$3,000 more.

ANCIENT BUFFALO RELICS.—While engaged in the work of sinking the water-works well to an additional depth in Lisbon, Ransom County, N. D., says the *Gazette* of that town, the workmen made a remarkable find. The well is situated on the bank of the Sheyenne River, and, at a depth of twenty-five feet, in the lower and deep stratum of blue clay, well preserved and partially fossilized portions of the skeletons of buffaloes were found. The bones were in perfect form, and even the horns of one animal were exhumed in as perfect a state of preservation as if the animal had been dead but a year instead of several centuries, for the natural deposit of soil, even by the washing of the water of the river, could not have buried these bones at so great a depth except during a great lapse of time. The surface of the surrounding soil is covered with large trees, some of which are at least of half a century's growth. These bones prove conclusively that the buffalo has for ages roamed over this region and slaked his thirst with the waters of the classic Sheyenne, which has many times varied its channel from its present course.

WASHINGTON AND MONTANA COAL.—In a carefully-compiled work of two hundred pages entitled "Coal Statistics, 1897," an Eastern authority shows that the coal deposits of Washington are limited to the counties of Whatcom and Skagit in the north, to King, Kittitas, Pierce and Thurston in the southwest, and to Cowlitz extending to the Oregon line. The author says that coal deposits are found distributed through a large portion of Washington, but thus far developments and mining operations have been confined to such localities as are favorably situated for transportation. Nearly the entire output is at present obtained from four counties in the western-central portion of the State, the product including lignite, bituminous and semi-bituminous coal adapted for coking, gas, steam and domestic purposes. The product for 1894 is shown to be 1,319,772 tons, while the product for 1896 reached 1,202,525 tons. The same authority states that the production of coal in Montana in 1894 amounted to 926,606 tons, as against 1,172,107 tons for 1896.

FREE CURE FOR MEN.

A Michigan Man Offers to Send His Discovery Free. Claims to be a Benefactor to Weakened Mankind.

There is always more or less suspicion attached to anything that is offered free, but sometimes a man so overflows with generosity that he cannot rest until his discovery is known to the world, in order that his fellow men may profit by what he has discovered. It is upon this principle that a resident of Kalamazoo, Mich., desires to send free to mankind a prescription which will cure them of any form of nervous debility; relieves them of all the doubt and uncertainty which such men are peculiarly liable to and restores the organs to natural size and vigor. As it costs nothing to try the experiment it would seem that any man, suffering with the nervous troubles that usually attack men who never stopped to realize what might be the final result, ought to be deeply interested in a remedy which will restore them to health, strength and vigor, without which they continue to live an existence of untold misery. As the remedy in question was the result of many years' research as to what combination would be peculiarly effective in restoring to men the strength they need, it would seem that all men suffering from any form of nervous weakness ought to write for such a remedy at once. A request to H. C. Olds, Box 1802, Kalamazoo, Mich., stating that you are not sending for the prescription out of idle curiosity, but that you wish to make use of the medicine by giving it a trial, will be answered promptly and without evidence as to where information came from.

The prescription is sent free, and although some may wonder how Mr. Olds can afford to give away his discovery, there is no doubt about the offer being genuine. Cut this out and send to Mr. Olds, so that he may know how you came to write him.

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Suddenly, to do so is injurious to the nervous system. Baco-Curo is the only cure that cures while you use tobacco. It is sold with a written guarantee that three boxes will cure any case, no matter how bad. Baco-Curo is vegetable and harmless; it has cured thousands. It will cure you. At all druggists, \$1 per box; 3 boxes, \$2.50. Booklet free.

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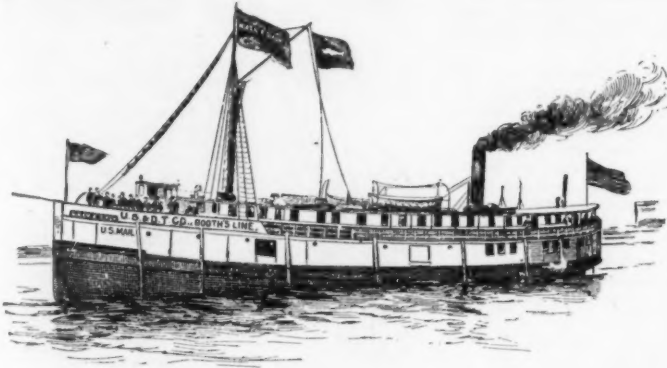


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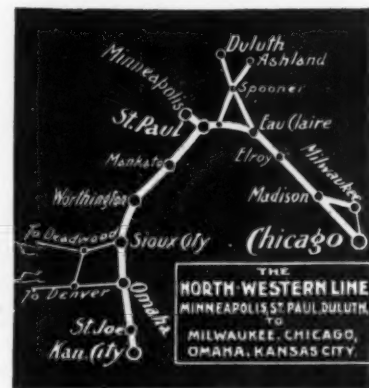
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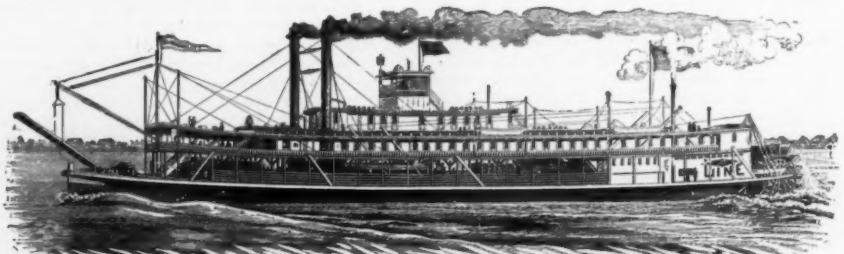
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WHY HE LIKED WASHINGTON.

Marion Patton, of Olympia, Wash., contributes the following to our anecdote department:

"Do I know the State of Washington? Well, I should say I do," remarked General Haldeban, ex-minister to Siam, whom I met in a hotel lobby at the national capital. "That State, sir, is a splendid State—a State that offers magnificent inducements to the settler and to the traveler."

"Yes," I said, warming up with enthusiasm, "Washington has more resources—"

"Resources?" he interrupted, "who said anything about resources? What I like about it, sir, is that there isn't a place in this country, by George, sir, where you can get mint juleps so cheap!"

A NEW WENDELL PHILLIPS' STORY.

Major Edwards, of the Fargo (N. D.) *Forum*, one of the best raconteurs in that story-breeding State, sent a good one from Washington recently to his home

casualty furnishes material for one himself. A. K. Yerkes, one of General Drennan's old-time friends, exposes the general in the last issue of the *Bozeman* (Mont.) *Chronicle*. Here is the story:

"Speaking of lumbago," says the *Chronicle*, "reminds us that Adjutant-General Drennan came up-town one morning holding his back and painfully limping to a doctor, who informed the general that he was suffering from an aggravated case of lumbago."

"Drennan had never heard of lumbago, but he did not propose to give himself away. He hastened to his office and, consulting the dictionary, proceeded to inform himself. In casting about for the proper word he stumbled upon 'plumbago,' which he concluded was the one he was after. He hastily read the definition and then, throwing himself back in his chair, with a voice that was horror stricken, cried:

"By the holy Moses, I'm leaded!"

KELLY'S TALE OF THE EAST.

Edward B. Kelly, the actor, says the Seattle (Wash.) *Post-Intelligencer*, whose home is in this city and who left for the East a couple of weeks ago, after a short vacation with his family, said that the rankest ignorance concerning the cities of the West prevails throughout the East, except in the larger cities, where commercial relations justify an accurate knowledge of the best places for investment. When Mr. Kelly was a member of the "Alabama" company a year ago he visited Wilkesbarre, Pa., and while in conversation



AN OBEDIENT BOY.

"Mamma, may I say something?" "Johnny, you know that you are forbidden to talk at the table." "But, mamma, couldn't I say just one word?" "No, Johnny; when papa has finished reading his paper you can speak." And papa lays the newspaper down on the table and asks the good boy—"Now, Johnny, what did you want to say?" "I only wanted to say that the water-pipe had burst in the bath-room."

paper. It is about Wendell Phillips, and the major tells it as follows:

"Phillips was on a train going through Ohio. Some Southern pro-slavery preachers were aboard. They had heard of Phillips and his great oratorical ability, and learning that he was on the train, they walked through the cars to see him. Finally one made bold to sit beside him and speak thus:

"So you are Wendell Phillips, are you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Engaged in making anti-slavery speeches?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, why don't you go South, where they have slavery, to make your speeches?"

"Phillips looked at his interrogator a moment and then said:

"You are a minister of the Gospel, are you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Engaged in saving souls from Hell?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, sir, why don't you go to Hell to do your preaching?"

A BRAVE WARRIOR'S TERROR.

It is said that there is not a more popular officer in the Montana National Guard than General Drennan. He enjoys his little joke as much as anyone, and oc-

with the keeper of the hotel where he was stopping. Mr. Kelly remarked casually of the beauties of the scenery and of the solidity of the city of Seattle. He spoke of seven-story buildings, electric and cable railways, paved streets, electric lights, big hotels, and of the many things that make life bearable. The landlord listened attentively, and when Kelly had finished talking, he said:

"Kelly, you are a damned liar! There ain't no such place out there as you talk about, and moreover, all you Westerners are such liars that nobody will believe you. I like your story and am ready to buy you a drink or a cigar, but don't expect me to swallow that Seattle yarn."

In the same hotel, the colored boy who blacked shoes asked Kelly where he was from.

"I'm from the West," answered Kelly.

"I've been West," said the coon.

"How far?" asked the actor.

"Pretty far; I was out to Pittsburg onct," was the reply.

Mr. Kelly asked if he knew where the Pacific Ocean was.

"I don't exactly know where that place is, but I went through it on the kyars," was the amazing statement, and Kelly thought that when he went to Wilkesbarre again he wouldn't talk about the West.

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A PLEASED WOMAN.

I advise you all to have your teeth fixed where you can get a Set for \$8.00; Gold Crowns for \$5.00; Gold Fillings for \$1.50; Gold Alloy Fillings for 75c, and where there is no charge for "Anti-Pain" for painless extractions.

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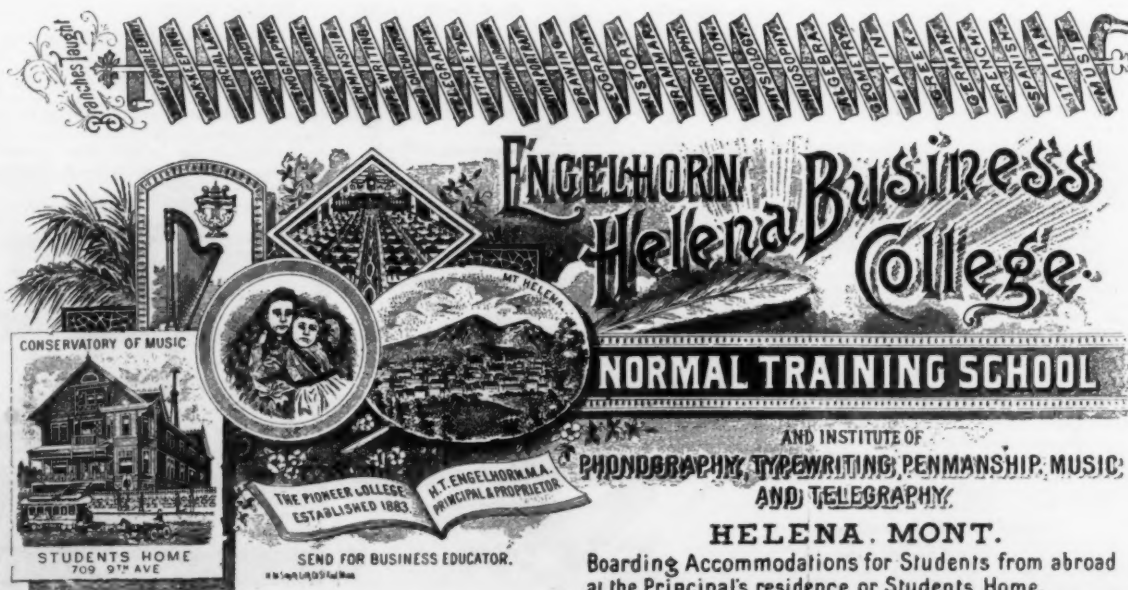
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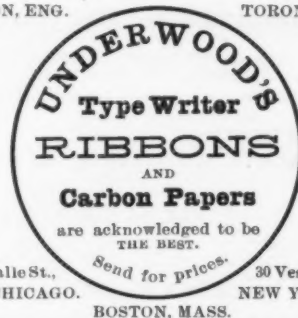
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To get up a dinner of great variety, cooks should be allowed a wide range.

Visitor—"Johnny, do you ever get any good marks at school?"

Johnny—"Yes, but I don't care to show 'em."

"Bagger, the professional baseball player, has married an heiress."

"Hah! Good catch!"

"Oh, no, ma'am," said the cockney salesman; "hit's not the 'air of yer 'ed as goes into the tire, hit's the hair of the 'eving's."

Teacher—"Who was Noah?"

Pupil—"He was a weather prophet, I believe, but when he said it was going to rain, nobody believed him."

A boy in a Sunday-school, when asked the question, "What is the chief end of man?" said:

"The chief end is the end with the head on."

Brown—"Was that beef *a la mode* you asked for?"

Smith—"It was *a la mode* when I asked for it. The fashion may be changed since."

"I hear that Willie is suffering from concussion of the brain. What caused it?"

"Oh, a happy thought struck him, you know."

"The Turks seem to have a mighty poor opinion of the Greeks."

"Yes; that accounts for their running 'em down."

"Ha!" said the laundress; "what's this?"

"I," said the hole in the stocking, "am what is sometimes referred to as a darned site."

"This river of yours seems to be a sickly stream," said a grumbling tourist.

"Yes," said the native; "it's always confined to its bed."

Artist (showing his latest picture)—"What do you think of the idea?"

Friend—"Splendid idea!—not half so bad as it's painted."

Little Man (golf enthusiast)—"Why don't you play golf?"

Big Man (blase)—"Why? Because I object to chasing a quinine pill around a cow pasture."

"How fast you are growing, Tommy!"

"Yes; too fast, I think. They water me too much. Why, I have to take a bath every morning!"

Lawyer—"I am afraid I can't do much for you. They seem to have conclusive evidence that you committed the burglary."

Client—"Can't you object to the evidence as immaterial and irrelevant?"

Mabel—"You have been wanting some slippers, Amy, and here's your chance. A 'gigantic slipper sale' is advertised in the paper."

Amy—"You had better get a pair yourself. I don't wear gigantic slippers."

It's a wise child that keeps a straight face when it sees its father take a bicycle header.

Tommy (to classmate in disgrace)—"Hey, Chimie! Yer in ter get licked, anyway, so why not t'row dis red pepper inter de stove an' win a half-holiday fer us?"

"My dear," said a wife who had been married three years, as she beamed across the table on her lord and master, "tell me what first attracted you to me. What pleasant characteristic did I possess which placed me above other women in your sight?"

And her lord and master simply said:

"I give it up."—*Spare Moments.*

Hogan—"Thim are two terrible black oles yez got, Grogan."

Grogan—"Yez ought to see the other feller."

"How does he look?"

"Oi dunno. Oi couldn't see him."

"Which is my part in this duet?" asked the prima-donna of her husband, who was the tenor.

"Your part? Here it is, of course—the one with the last word in it."

Freshy—"Professor, is it ever possible to take the greater from the less?"

Prof. Potterby—"There's a pretty close approach to it, my boy, when the conceit is taken out of a freshman."

ELUCIDATION.—"Pa, what does Prof. Drummond mean when he says, 'Hold things in their proportion?'" "He means, my boy, that when you pay for a dollar table d'hôte, you shouldn't fill up on soup."

Pat—"Oi tell ye the ould friends are always the best, afther all, and Oi can prove it."

Dennis—"How?"

Pat—"Where'll ye foind a new friend thot has shtood by ye as long as the ould ones have."

"So you say," began the moderately new boarder, "that he speculated on a large scale exclusively. May I inquire what was the use of the large scale?"

"Oh, yes," the joker replied. "He needed it to weigh the consequences."

"Well," exclaimed the camel, as he crawled with great pain through the eye of the cambric needle, "this is pretty tough, but it isn't a marker to the sprouts I went through when I imagined I could get in on the ground floor of a trust."

"Did you see me on my bicycle this morning in the park?" he asked, proud of his first ride since graduating from the cycle school.

"Yes," she answered. "That is, you seemed to be on the bicycle when the bicycle wasn't on top of you."

Hiram Hayrick—"Well, b'gosh, them bunco fellers in York didn't get my money this time."

Squire Oatcake—"I want ter know!"

Hiram Hayrick—"No; the colored porter on the sleeper got ahead of 'em."

"I wish to see a bonnet," said Miss Pensee, aged forty.

"For yourself, miss?" inquired the French milliner.

"Yes."

"Marie, run downstairs and get me so hats for so ladies between eighteen and twenty-five years."

And the bonnet was sold.



1. "Don't let me fall, George."



2. "Oh, you feeble idiot!"



3. "Now why couldn't you hold me like that before?"



4. "I'm falling, you wretch!"



5. "Ow, I'm going."



6. "..... Beast!"

A ROUGH TIME.—[Courtesy of Bicycle World.]

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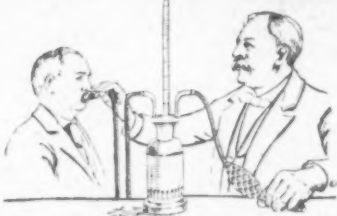
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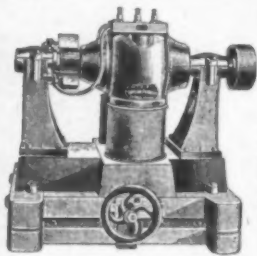


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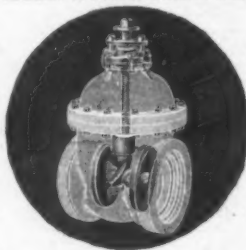
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